HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE INSULT RETURNED.

"Men and Brethren! The Cincinnati Convention has proved a *Fiasco*, and it *did not* name the Next President."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1872.

CIRCULATION 170,000.

☞ WITH this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY is sent out a gratuitous EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing further installments of

"LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"

begun in the WEEKLY for October 19, and

"MIDDLEMARCH."

Mr. ROBINSON'S story grows in interest as it proceeds, while "MIDDLEMARCH" is conceded to be the most powerful and fascinating novel ever written by GEORGE ELIOT.

☞ IN this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY is begun a new serial story by Miss BRADDON, under the title of

"STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS."

Few living writers of fiction enjoy greater popularity than the author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Lovels of Arden," "To the Bitter End," etc.; and the announcement of a new novel from her pen will be received with interest and expectation.

☞ IN a few days HARPER'S WEEKLY will begin the publication of a new story by CHARLES READE, entitled

"THE WANDERING HEIR,"

which the proprietors have secured by direct treaty with the author. The story will be profusely illustrated, in the highest style of art.

☞ A NEW story by B. L. FARJEON, author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Grif," "Joshua Marvel," etc., will shortly be begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY. It is called

"BREAD, CHEESE, AND KISSES,"

and will be profusely and splendidly illustrated.

THE BLIND WHO WILL NOT SEE.

THE significance of the late election is as plain as that of any political event that ever occurred. Only the dullness that misconceived the whole campaign could mistake it. Certainly, however, it is not surprising that those who could not see that the "reform" movement was merely the despairing effort at a Democratic restoration should see nothing but the power of "money" in the result. It was the constant cry of the opposition that the re-election of the President was to be bought; and even Mr. GREELEY himself spoke of the "Federal money" as the chief impediment to his success. Such assertions were an insult to the American people, and the result of the election not only disproves them utterly, but inspires every sincere believer in popular government with new faith and hope.

The election is the vindication of the sagacity and the tenacity of the people. It is a victory of the popular instinct. There is a wise saw attributed to TALLEYRAND, that every body knows more than any body. It is often difficult to believe it. In a political meeting, for instance, the individuals often seem so unintelligent that it is not easy to understand how the aggregate of ignorance should be wisdom. At the polls, often, the crowd of half-drunken freemen with votes for sale suggests that an intelligent dictator would govern more wisely. And yet the government is, upon the whole, most satisfactorily administered, and the appeal to the people is seldom disappointing. The reason is that the handful of drunken voters does not truly represent the people who decide the election. The majority of the citizens have a real "stake in the country." They know that order and permanence serve their interests, and they will not take the risk of disorder except for very weighty reasons.

It was the perception that the restoration of the Democratic party to power, notwithstanding its blarney of acquiescence and "conversion," would necessarily imperil every great interest in the country, and disturb all the settlements of the war, which explains the overwhelming result. If the conversion had been believed, the issue would have been the same. For what was there in the general character of a party which had been educated as the Democrats were which should make it the safer guardian of the Republican principles and policy than the Republican party itself? The conqueror in Egypt is said to have declared, as he burned the Alexandrian Library, that if the books were in harmony with the Koran they were useless, and if they were opposed to it they were pernicious. So, if the Democrats had become Republicans, they could have proved it by refusing to oppose the Republican organization. If they had not become Republicans, they ought to be beaten. To maintain their own name and organization, and to pretend that they supported Mr. GREELEY because he was a better Republican than General GRANT, was merely to invite the contempt which they received.

The value of Liberal Republican professions was shown by the passionate ardor with which the "Liberals" supported a pure Democratic ticket in North Carolina, and their frenzied delight over the victory of the Ku-Klux in Georgia. Moreover, while they professed to leave the Republican party because it was controlled by improper men, they supported in the city of New York Mr. MIKE NORTON for the Assembly and Mr. THOMAS J. CREAMER for Congress; and in Richmond County these precious reformers supported for the Assembly a person notoriously unfit for the position, against one of the honestest men in the county, who was, happily, elected. Indeed, the county of Richmond was for the first time since the Republican party was organized carried for that party, because of the profound contempt for a coalition so flagrantly venal as that of the Democratic Ring and the "Liberals." And this county in New York is a fair illustration of counties all over the country. The coalition was feared as a threat and despised as a fraud. If it *could* succeed, it was a fatal reaction. But how could it succeed, since it was so plainly dishonest?

The country has decided that the new Union shall continue to be confided to those who made it and who believe in it, and shall not be controlled by those who opposed it, and who now acquiesce because they can not help themselves. It has not been deceived by any cry of reconciliation, because it knows that there is no inequality in the letter or in the administration of the law, and that the alienation which follows a civil war upon the part of the vanquished is removable only by time and the steady enforcement of justice.

Great mischief has been done by the false assertion of the coalition that "the North" is vindictive toward "the South," and that the rascalities in the governments of the Southern States are attributable to the Republican National Administration. But the truth will gradually penetrate the mist of falsehood raised by the coalition, and the re-election of General GRANT will tend to perfect peace by destroying in the late rebel mind the exasperating hope of Democratic ascendency. It shows the people of the Southern States that the vast majority of the American people know very well what they have won at such tremendous cost, and that they intend to maintain it to the last and the utmost, but without the least thought of revenge or the least touch of injustice.

POLITICAL LEADERS.

THE late election suggests several thoughts upon political leadership in this country. The Democratic politicians who managed the State Convention of their party in New York after the Cincinnati nomination were resolved to secure the adoption of the Cincinnati candidate at Baltimore, because they were sure that the Republican secession would swell the Democratic vote into a vast majority. They reasoned that if such men as Senators SUMNER, TRUMBULL, and SCHURZ were willing to leave their party, they must necessarily lead an army of followers with them; and that if politicians like Mr. FENTON, Mr. HUTCHINGS, Mr. M'CLURE, and Mr. COCHRANE were ready to co-operate with Democrats, it was because they were sure of the disintegration of the party. We were constantly told that General GRANT was the only man who would divide the Republicans, and the only one who could not be elected.

Doubtless the gentlemen whom we have named believed much of what was said. Mr. SUMNER thought that Massachusetts, the great Republican State, would follow him, Mr. TRUMBULL supposed that he could divert Illinois, and Mr. SCHURZ imagined that he could control the German vote. On the other hand, the Democrats made the same mistake. If the Cincinnati candidate were "regularly" nominated, and if the men who are called the leaders of the party—Mr. HENDRICKS, Mr. SEYMOUR, Mr. THURMAN, Mr. BAYARD—openly supported him, the whole party would follow, and the result was certain. All these gentlemen have been undeceived, and it has been made evident that in the old English sense there are no party leaders in this country. In English history, when a few great Whigs or Tories had been secured, the vote was virtually polled. But this is not the fact in this country, and it is curious that shrewd politicians do not learn it. Mr. WEBSTER thought General TAYLOR'S nomination "not fit to be made," but he found himself marching alone. Mr. SEWARD turned to ANDREW JOHNSON, and prophesied forty thousand majority for him in New York, but New York gave thirty thousand majority against him, and Mr. SEWARD was politically dead. Mr. CHASE said the war was over, and toyed with Tammany—and Mr. CHASE disappeared.

Despite all these familiar instances the Democratic managers insisted upon supposing that the defection of Mr. SUMNER and the others meant a dissolution of the Republican party. But they were doubly mistaken. First, in supposing that many Republicans would follow the seceders into the Democratic lines, and second, in supposing that the Democrats would follow *them* in supporting a life-long enemy of the Democratic party. In the familiar phrase, a party may be sold, but it can not be delivered. All these calculators forgot that an intelligent people decides for itself. Party ties with us are strong, but they are not invincible. It is because we use parties as means and not as ends that we prove our capacity to govern ourselves. We honor men who maintain ably principles that we approve. But we do not therefore adopt all the measures that they recommend. The Republican party acknowledged, for instance, the great service of Mr. SUMNER in the long antislavery debate of the last twenty years; but it was not therefore willing to commit the cause of equal rights to ex-rebels and Copperheads because he advised it. And had he accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts, although the State was probably prouder of him than of any of her living sons, she would have defeated him by seventy thousand majority.

The Democratic managers who saw certain conspicuous leaders leave the Republican lines did not see that for every one of them hundreds of thousands of Republicans just as sincere and intelligent as they, but not prominent nor known, clung all the more closely to the party, and strove all the more zealously to defeat the cause which the seceders espoused. The Liberal orators were constantly vociferating that it was the soldiers, and not General GRANT, who suppressed the rebellion; but they never thought of applying their argument to the political situation, and reasoning that it was the Republican rank and file, not a general here and there, who were really important. This same disposition to regard persons more than tendencies and principles was evident throughout the campaign. The coalition insisted always upon a personal argument. Mr. SUMNER'S letter to the colored voters was devoted to proving that Mr. GREELEY was a better Republican than General GRANT, until, perceiving that such an argument was useless, he added that the Democrats were now as good Republicans as the Republicans themselves. The coalition tried to make an issue between GRANT and GREELEY. The country knew that the contest was one of principles and probabilities.

Henceforth the number of votes alienated by "leaders" will not be reckoned in proportion to the ability of those leaders or their conspicuous service. It will probably be hereafter remembered that the most trusted "leader," who, miscalculating the situation, would withstand the party instinct and imperil the party principle and purpose, will be promptly discarded by his associates. For they are associates, and not followers. The great mass of the Republicans refused to accompany Messrs. SUMNER, TRUMBULL, and SCHURZ, and the best part of the Democrats spurned the "leadership" that attempted the coalition.

AFTER THE ELECTION.

THE good humor with which the people of this country, after a Presidential campaign which seems both passionate and perilous, acquiesce in the result is something of which we are all justly very proud. But the facts of the situation are never in the least changed. If a candidate during the canvass was a man who had sacrificed himself to ambitious hopes, he is the same man when he is defeated. If he was not worthy of honor in October, he certainly is not so in November, merely because he has failed in a most mischievous undertaking. Those, therefore, who denounced Mr. GREELEY must not now profess to forget and forgive; and those who declared General GRANT to be incompetent, intemperate, sordid, and false need not announce that they acquiesce, and will give him a fair trial. He was the same man on the 6th of November that he was on the 4th. If they did not believe what they said of him on the 4th, they were not political opponents, they were malignant slanderers. If they did believe it, why do they not redouble their denunciations, and arouse a deceived and endangered country to save itself by giving some proof of what they say?

If it made no difference to the public welfare whether one candidate or the other were elected, the contest was ridiculous. But if, as we believe, a great fraud has been exposed and a great disaster averted by the success of General GRANT, why should we pretend that our opposition to the coalition was Pickwickian? The most astounding thing in the campaign was Mr. SUMNER'S declaration that the Democrats were as good Republicans as his old associates. If he thought so, he might with perfect consistency say next week that General GRANT is the best of Presidents. And it is only those of an equal faith who can think that the nature of things is changed because an election is decided. Those who believe that there is some principle, some honest purpose in politics, and who have learned—as the history of this country for the last generation seems to teach—that it is a serious business, are of the same faith whether they are successful or defeated; and neither success nor defeat changes their opinion of public men and their conduct.

THE NEW YORK "TIMES" AND THE TAMMANY RING.

FOR the first time since the Republican party was organized the New York *Tribune* was the most bitter and unscrupulous opponent of that party in the late Presidential election. There were many persons throughout the country who feared that its defection would be a serious, if not fatal, blow to the Republican cause. But the New York *Times* had already shown the ability to replace the *Tribune* as the chief Republican paper in New York; and the country knows with what vigor and efficiency it has conducted the campaign.

The great victory of this year is the completion of that reform campaign which was won in the city and State of New York last year—a campaign which the *Times* conducted, and in which the *Tribune* and the *World* were such halting and reluctant recruits. Every observer of the political situation in this country knew that the city of New York was the plague-spot. The popular principle seemed there to have failed. A despotism, shrewd and threatening, maintained itself by terror and corruption, and all the bulwarks of free government were apparently hopelessly undermined. There were probably few persons who thought upon the subject at all who supposed that the Ring could be broken without the most bloody disorder.

A year or two before, the New York *World*, asserting that the Presidential success of its party was impossible if "handicapped" with Tammany, began what it called a "war to the knife" against the Ring. Its declared object was the success of the Democratic party, and naturally there was very little general interest in a movement to break the Ring for the benefit of a party to which the Ring belonged, and which fully illustrated the character of a party whose policy for a generation had been the defense of slavery, and which had therefore necessarily and logically pandered to ignorance and immorality. The *World's* "war to the knife" utterly failed, and it became the henchman of the power which it had for a moment defied. In this surrender it abdicated the highest and noblest function of the press, saying, as it always says, that it must go with its party: as if the Tammany Ring were any less dangerous to the public welfare because it could control its party.

Last year, after long reproaches for what were called "personal" attacks, as if criminals could be brought to punishment impersonally, the New York *Times* published, not the charges, but the conclusive proofs of the boundless rascality of the Ring. It was exactly what the Ring had withheld so skillfully that even papers like the *Evening Post* began to whisper that the charges against the Ring were false, and that it showed itself both an energetic and efficient administration. Presenting the proof, and summoning all good citizens to the battle for the sake of the general welfare, the *Times* intrepidly and persistently led the assault against the most powerful and dangerous political combination ever known in the country. Assailed by private and personal threats, and criticised by weak friends who thought it "going too far," the *Times* did not falter, and the overthrow of the Ring that followed was the most signal illustration in history of the immediate power of the press when skillfully directed upon an enormous public evil.

Whether we properly characterize the

support which the *World* and the *Tribune* gave to this movement as halting and reluctant, we must leave not to those papers, but to those who daily read them at the time, and who recall how the *World* spoke of Mr. TILDEN, and how the *Tribune* mentioned SWEENY and HALL. Meanwhile, that there were friends and allies of the Ring within the Republican party was well known, and it was remarkable that the Democratic tools of Tammany were the first Democrats to salute the nomination of Mr. GREELEY at Cincinnati, and that those who were known as Tammany Republicans were his warmest Republican supporters. The reform Legislature of last year was baffled in many good works by the open or covert hostility of certain Republicans, and most of the conspicuous members of that kind were opposed to the party in the late election. The defeat of the coalition, therefore, in the city and in the State is the final stroke in the great reform movement of last year; and the spirit, the enterprise, and the vigor of the *Times* have been undiminished from the beginning. It has undoubtedly grateful evidence of the popular appreciation of its services in a rapidly enlarging circulation, while the great body of intelligent and honest citizens of New York will never forget their obligation to the brave journal that grappled with Tammany Hall, and left it vanquished and powerless upon the field.

ROSCOE CONKLING.

ONE of the good results of the election is the return of Mr. CONKLING to the Senate for six years more. His part in the campaign in New York has been most conspicuous. It has, indeed, been one of the most vigorous and effective canvasses ever made. At the Cooper Institute, in July, Mr. CONKLING made a very comprehensive and powerful speech, which has probably been of as much service as any speech in the campaign as a magazine of fact and argument. The Senator immediately began a tour of the State, and from time to time until the election, by day and by night, in cities and towns and villages, he addressed hundreds of thousands of people. He has made himself personally known in every part of the State, and we presume that all who have heard him, friend or foe, agree that in ROSCOE CONKLING the Empire State of New York has a fit representative in the Senate of the United States.

A man of the highest honor; of great and conceded ability; of profound political conviction; of long and ample legislative experience; a trained and admirable debater; highly cultivated; of a ready wit and piercing satire; thoroughly conversant with public affairs; with a marvelous memory that holds all his resources at easy and instant command, and a flowing eloquence that impresses and persuades—Mr. CONKLING is one of the chiefs of the Senate, and one of the most justly eminent of our public men.

It was the fashion among those who became "Liberal" Republicans to decry him as one of the Senatorial "ring," and to insinuate that in some manner he countenanced disreputable men and measures. The phrase "Senatorial ring" means only this, that the recognized leaders of the majority usually act in concert; and as they naturally vote with their party associates, and they prevail, whatever is done is attributed to them, and they are declared to act from unworthy motives. Thus Mr. CONKLING and his friends were said during the last session to have attempted to smother investigation. Nothing is more untrue. They promoted investigation, but they did, most properly, seek to prevent a perversion of investigation. The "Liberal" game, as we stated at the time, was to appoint a committee, with an opponent of the Administration at the head, to sit indefinitely upon the eve of the Presidential election, with power to examine and to print, and so to hold a prolonged hostile inquisition upon an Administration which the "Liberals" sought to overthrow. It was the prostitution of "investigation" to a party purpose that Mr. CONKLING and his friends most properly opposed.

Of an ardent temperament, Mr. CONKLING is, like Mr. SUMNER and like all great Senators in our history, a warm partisan. Believing that the "Liberal" defection would end, as it did end, in an attempt to destroy the Republican party, he and his friends in the Senate did not strive to conciliate the recusants, nor stay to parley with those whose purposes they knew. They declared war, and have never faltered, and the result vindicates their prescience. The persistent aspersion of the Senator as a malign friend of the President has doubtless prejudiced many persons; but they will observe that what is said in hostility to the one is as vague as all that was urged against the other during the campaign. Intrepid, upright, and able, with a certain chivalric quality that binds his friends very closely to him, Mr. CONKLING will be returned with the hearty applause and sympathy of the immense multitude in New York who voted f r General GRANT, and who despise the calumnies that are uttered against their Senator.

GENERAL MEADE.

THE battle of Gettysburg is considered the turning battle of the war, and General MEADE was the hero of Gettysburg. Those who have heard him tell the tale of his appointment to the command of the Army of the Potomac and of that prolonged and cruel battle—of which the most elaborate and satisfactory account is that in Mr. EVERETT'S oration at the dedication of the cemetery—will always recall with admiration the manly modesty of the soldier and the vivid interest of the story. At the age of twenty-one he entered the Academy at West Point, and from that time until his death, although for a short period withdrawn from the army, he was in the military service of the country. During the late war he was constantly in action, and was always brave, skillful, and distinguished. In the final operations before Richmond he was General GRANT'S immediate lieutenant. The general said that he tried to leave him as independent as possible in command of the Army of the Potomac, and added that he always found him to be "the right man in the right place."

For some time after the war General MEADE commanded the third military district—Georgia, Florida, and Alabama; but for the last three or four years he has been at the head of the Atlantic military division, living in Philadelphia. His reserve and moderation of manner, blended with a keen intellectual perception and ample knowledge, made him always a welcome and delightful companion. Hearty, generous, sympathetic, and, in the truest sense, a gentleman, General MEADE'S death will be widely deplored, as his memory will be gratefully honored as that of one of the ablest and most efficient of our great military chiefs in the war for the Union.

THE MOURNERS.

THE Springfield *Republican* on the morning after the election rejoiced with those that rejoiced, but in a very rueful manner. It said:

"There are several very happy men in these United States this morning. Mr. CAMERON is happy; Governor JEWELL is happy; Honest TOM MURPHY is happy; young Mr. LEET is happy; all the brothers-in-law and cousins are very happy indeed, and well they may be. But the happiest man of all is OUR HENRY. It is really a sort of consolation to think of the solid comfort he is taking."

But why did not the *Republican* also mourn with those who mourned? Itself a mourner, it certainly should not have forgotten its grieving companions. For there were several very unhappy men in these United States on the same morning. Mr. OAKEY HALL and the rump of the Tammany Ring were unhappy. BEAUREGARD and RAPHAEL SEMMES were very unhappy. The Ku-Klux were disconsolate, and the sentinels of Andersonville, and the jailers of the Libby and Belleisle, and every man who secretly hates the Union and the Stars and Stripes, were as utterly dismayed as "OUR HENRY" was delighted. It was unkind and ungrateful in the *Republican* to forget the sorrow of its friends. Or does it mean to forget its new friends as swiftly as it did its old?

REVISION OF THE UNITED STATES STATUTES.

IN 1866 Congress provided for a revision and consolidation of the general and permanent statutes of the United States. Three commissioners were appointed, and the work has proceeded carefully, although it is necessarily slow. The commissioners have issued a series of pamphlets, containing under numerical titles various branches of the statutes, as the executive and legislative powers, the judiciary, the States, diplomatic and consular officers, civil rights, citizenship, the elective franchise, the freedmen, the postal service, duties upon imports, patents, trade-marks and copyrights, etc. These drafts are submitted for the purpose of obtaining criticism and information; and the general object is to present the enactment freed of redundancy and of repealed and obsolete provisions. Changes are also suggested, and after a careful consideration of such criticism as may be offered, the whole will be put into form and laid before Congress.

The commissioners propose seventy-six different titles under which the revision is to be completed, and which will include all the statutes which, in the language of the act, are "general or permanent in their nature," and the value of such a work is evident. The changes to be suggested must, of course, be mainly slight and verbal; and even in such changes there is danger of disturbing the exact sense and intention, as is well known to those who have undertaken similar duties. It is a familiar story that GOUVERNEUR MORRIS changed in some points the real tone and significance of the Constitution of the United States in the course of reducing it to symmetrical form. Yet a careful literal study and collation of statutes will often reveal inconsistencies and obscurities which demand correction in the form of new laws. The suggestions that we have noted in the pamphlets of the revision that we have seen appear to be judicious; and although the task of Congress, in a careful scrutiny and comparison of the statutes with the suggestions, will be very great, it is not one that should be declined.

PERSONAL.

AT Rome the Jesuits still defend the imprisonment of GALILEO. The "Church," they state, was right in torturing him, because he taught what was opposed to its opinions. The ignorance of the public, the *Voce della Verita*, the Jesuit organ at Rome, asserts, in relation to this subject is "profound." The public will probably remain amazed at the fanatical blindness of the leaders of the Romish Church.

—Mr. Justice NELSON, of the United States Supreme Court, now very infirm and aged (he was born in Washington County, New York, November 10, 1792), will, it is said, not again sit in court, but will resign during the present month, and thus secure his salary for life. Judge NELSON has been longer a judge, continuously, than any judge in the United States. In 1823, when only thirty-one years old, he was made a judge of the Circuit Court, which he held for eight years. In 1831 he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of the State. In 1837 he was made chief justice, and held the position until 1845, when he was appointed by President TYLER a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The Hon. WILLIAM M. EVARTS is named as being very likely to become the successor of Judge NELSON.

—Mr. ISAAC J. GILBERT writes to *Harper's Weekly* from Derby, Connecticut, under date of November 6: "The Catholic priest in Birmingham last Sabbath read a circular, which was read in all the Catholic churches the Sabbath before election, denouncing your paper in strong terms, and warning his people not to read or have any thing to do with it."

—Mr. SUMNER lately paid a visit to M. GAMBETTA at his lodgings, and had a long conversation with him, talking in good French, and in terms that impressed the mercurial young statesman. He lamented as a great defect of France the want of sincere and rational religion, and expressed his opinion that one of the most harmful things ever said by a great man in a position to influence his contemporaries and posterity was the famous *mot* of HENRY IV., "Paris vaut bien une messe," the free translation of which is that it was well worth while to change one's religion, and become a Catholic instead of a Protestant, in order to be master of Paris. That was a skepticism that has taken root in France, and produced great evil. M. GAMBETTA is in favor of a separation of church and state.

—It seems that NATHANIEL FULLERTON, who lately died at Chester, Vermont, at the age of ninety-eight, was the oldest bank president and oldest Mason in the United States. That is what is claimed for the old gentleman, though there are a great many very old Masons in the country.

—Under the empire of LOUIS NAPOLEC'N, which he lampooned, ROCHEFORT had an income of $136,000 a year. Under the republic, which he sighed for, he dines on a crust in the cell of a prison.

—A French traveler thus describes the tombs of the Chinese emperors: "Picture to yourselves a long sandy valley, encircled by an amphitheatre of high mountains, at whose feet thirteen gigantic tombs, surrounded by evergreens, form a semicircle. From the entrance gate of the valley to the tomb of the first emperor is a distance of about three miles, and a long avenue is formed, first by white marble columns, then by two lines of sculptured animals of colossal size—camels, elephants, lions, hippopotami—and then by the statues of twelve emperors, three times the size of life, and wearing helmet and cuirass." Each tomb is a temple of vast size, built of red and white marble or porphyry; the columns are of teak wood, nine centuries old. A hall in one tomb is nearly two hundred feet long. And thus in solitary and solemn magnificence the thirteen emperors of the MING dynasty sleep in their palaces of death.

—Professor AGASSIZ has been elected one of the eight foreign associate members of the French Academy of Science, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sir RODERICK MURCHISON.

—Dean SWIFT bequeathed a mad-house to Ireland because, as an epigram relates, no country wanted it so much. According to the French papers, an Englishman, who recently died at Armentières, has followed the example by leaving $300,000 for a lunatic asylum in France. "This preference does us much honor," says *La Liberté*; "and probably no similar insult has been paid to this country since old Bedlam was built on the plan of the Tuileries," a fact which greatly irritated the French monarch of that day.

—A grandson of PATRICK HENRY has sent to the Virginia State Library for preservation the original parchment commission issued by the Committee of Safety in 1775 to PATRICK HENRY, as colonel of the First Virginia regiment, and commander-in-chief of the Virginia troops. This document is dated at Hanover Town, Hanover County, September 18, 1775.

—"How have you been able to escape all the catastrophes of the Commune?" said the Russian embassador to Baron ROTHSCHILD. "Because we Israelites have the privilege of crossing the Red Sea with dry feet."

—GEORGE WASHINGTON was arrested a few days since in New Orleans as the ringleader of certain roughs who fractured the public peace. They inserted G. W. in the caboose.

—Colonel DONALD M'INTYRE has received from his queen the Victoria Cross, the highest military honor which an English officer can receive. It was for courageous conduct in the Looshai expedition in January last. He is said to have climbed over the stockade, which stood some ten feet high, and under the heavy fire of the Looshais pushed his way through the flame and smoke of the burning ruins, and captured the place.

—THOMAS SULLY, the venerable artist, died in Philadelphia on Monday, the 4th inst., at the age of eighty-nine. He was formerly a painter of note. Among his best-known portraits are those of THOMAS JEFFERSON, LAFAYETTE, Commodore DECATUR, and Dr. BENJAMIN RUSH. In 1838 he was commissioned to paint a portrait of the Queen of England. His principal historical picture is "Washington Crossing the Delawtre," now in the Museum at Boston.

—Mr. J. CORDY JEAFFRESON, who has written so many pleasant books about lawyers, doctors, and parsons, will shortly publis'h simultaneously in London and New York a sketch of the origin and growth of the law, usages, and festal practices of marriage in England. It will be called *Brides and Bridals.*

—A pushing American interviewer has had the godsend to have a private caucus with the great BISMARCK. It occurred after the grand review given at Berlin to the Emperor of Russia. He starts off with the remarkable asseveration that BISMARCK "continues to drink a great deal of wine—chiefly Champagne. He is still troubled with sleeplessness, and instead of courting the drowsy god by retiring to bed at an early hour, his custom during his present retirement at Varzin is to pass the night, in company with a few of his confidants and companions, in singing, music, telling stories, and drinking Champagne. One of his right-hand men—he has a number of right-hand men—is an excellent singer and player on the piano, and when he is present BISMARCK keeps him very busy. These symposia seldom end until after daylight: they never end until the prince is drowsy. When he arrives at a condition in which he fancies that it may be possible to obtain a few moments' sleep he dismisses every one and hastens to lie down. But too often scarcely has his head touched the pillow ere he finds himself wide awake again; and if this occurs all hope of obtaining sleep until next day is abandoned." And then the interviewer goes on to detail in three columns of the *World* what the premier stated about persons and things.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A CONFLAGRATION broke out at the corner of Summer and Kingston streets, Boston, on the evening of the 9th inst., and spread until seventy acres of buildings were destroyed. The loss is estimated at $90,000,000, on which there is said to be an insurance of about $12,000,000. Several lives are supposed to have been lost.

The elections which took place on the 5th inst. throughout the United States resulted in an overwhelming victory of the Republican party. President Grant received a popular majority of about 700,000, carrying probably thirty-two out of the thirty-seven States. Congress is two-thirds Republican. General Dix was chosen Governor of the State of New York by about 50,000 majority, and William F. Havemeyer reached the mayoralty by a plurality of over 6000.

The obsequies of the late Hon. John A. Griswold took place on the 4th inst. from his residence in Troy. The funeral was largely attended.

The committee of the Beecher Memorial reported at the last weekly prayer-meeting of Plymouth Church. Their report was accepted, and after pertinent remarks by the pastor and the brethren, the sum of $50,000 was raised for the proposed Bethel and Navy missions.

General George G. Meade died at his residence in Philadelphia on the 6th inst., of pneumonia.

A coroner's jury has been investigating the management of the Insane Asylum on Ward's Island, and has returned a scathing verdict of condemnation. The revelations that led to this decision were of the most shocking character.

At the regular meeting of the Chamber of Commerce on the 7th inst. much opposition to the French discriminating proclamation was developed. Co-operation with the Exhibition at Vienna was advocated, and also fire-proof warehouses for this city.

The New Jersey "Local Option" law, about which there has been no little controversy, has been decided constitutional by a unanimous vote of the judges on the Supreme Bench of the State, which decision is in opposition to the opinion delivered not long ago by Attorney-General Gilchrist.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Czar of Russia has written a very friendly letter to Prince Charles of Germany on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of the latter's appointment to the honorary colonelcy of a Russian regiment.

Proof of the complete restoration of good feeling between the German and Saxon courts was given recently by the presence of the Emperor, Empress, and Crown Prince at the golden wedding of the King and Queen of Saxony.

The Spanish Carlists continue to be troublesome at intervals. Armed bands have recently appeared on the frontier near the town of Figueras. They stopped three diligences, turned the passengers out, and robbed and stripped them. Two persons were severely wounded by the robbers.

The English newspapers express their gratification at the re-election of President Grant.

In the case of Marshal Bazaine as many as two hundred and forty witnesses have been summoned to appear in court.

The Prussian government, in order to secure a majority in favor of the Country Reform bill, has created a number of new peers.

The new commercial treaty between Great Britain and France was signed on the 5th inst.

A terrific hurricane swept over the town of Palazzola, in Italy, on the 5th inst., destroying half of the buildings and killing thirty-two persons. One thousand families were rendered homeless.

Cable dispatches bring news of the loss of the Belgian steamship *Moscoa*, from Antwerp for Dantzic. Seven persons are missing.

The French government has consented to reduce the rate of postage to this country to forty centimes per grame, with reciprocity of free transit.

A serious riot occurred in Exeter, England, on Guy Fawkes's Day, growing out of the dissatisfaction of the people with the Liquor-licensing act. Cudgels and brickbats were freely used, and as a result seventeen men are in the hospital for treatment of injuries received at the hands of the mob.

Three important motions have recently been rejected by the Spanish Cortes—one for the suppression of lotteries, one to reduce the number of cabinet officers to five, and one to abolish the tobacco monopoly.

The lowering machinery in a mine near Charleroi, in Belgium, gave way the other day, precipitating twenty-one men and boys to the bottom, and killing all of them instantly.

Lerdo de Tejada has been chosen President of Mexico by an almost unanimous vote.

The steamer *Guatemala* has been wrecked on the Tonala bar. Twenty-one of the crew and two of the passengers were lost.

The second session of the Parliament of the Province of Quebec was formally opened by the Lieutenant-Governor on the 7th inst.

RUINED, AND WINTER AT THE DOOR—AN EPISODE OF THE HORSE PLAGUE.—[Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.]

THE HORSE BEWITCHED.—[See Page 914.]

THE GOOD TIME COME.—[SEE "REPUBLICANISM, PAST AND FUTURE," PAGE 910.]

REPUBLICANISM, PAST AND FUTURE.

THE GOOD TIME COME.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

IN the moment of victory the Republican party may well look back to the story of its earlier labors, and survey the past. It began as a protest against the enormous strides of slavery, and the dominion of an indolent and decaying caste, and boldly stood forward the defender of honest and honorable industry against its persecutors in every land. It demanded from the slave-holder some limitation to the spread of his noxious institution; it declared that the fair fame of transatlantic freedom should not always be tainted with an ineffaceable stain; it spoke firmly of the rights of man. Yet it offered no forcible measures, nor ever threatened violence. It besought the slave-holders to fall peacefully into the swift current of modern progress, to abandon a system of labor upon which all other cultivated nations looked with abhorrence, and to admit the light of education and of humanity into that sombre region over which they had raised unnatural barriers, and which they had imprisoned in a strange barbarism. Yet no Republican had ever dreamed of civil war, or had ever hoped to remove the national shame by any but legal and constitutional processes. But slavery had already produced its necessary consequences; the national disease could admit of none but a sharp, severe remedy. In the Slave States the indolent and the vicious ruled with a bitter tyranny. The industrious and the virtuous were terrified into obedience; a TOOMBS or a DAVIS led the desperate band of politicians who had resolved upon rebellion, and the plot against the Union, which had been the favorite theme of the Southern leaders, was suddenly executed. Of the insolence or the open robberies and intentional violence of the conspirators it is needless to tell. They made the election of LINCOLN their pretext; they seized upon forts, ships, arms, and military stores within their territories; they plunged the nation in civil war; and almost in a moment sprang up a powerful slave empire from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, united, vigorous, terrible, whose single aim was to ravish away the rights of man, and to cover land and sea with a fearful despotism.

Such a monstrous apparition among nations might well deserve to be strangled at its birth; yet it was received with open or secret joy by both France and England. The English oligarchy naturally sympathized with the slave-holders; the usurping Emperor of France prepared to seize upon Mexico and tranquillize the Western continent; English and French writers joined in extolling anew the feudal superstitions of caste and privilege; and the working-men and the men of thought in Europe and America vainly asserted to doubtful listeners that republicanism would swiftly arise from its apparent ruin. Shorn of many follies and many infirmities, firm in the simplicity of truth, the Republican party sprang up anew. The people came resolute from their farm and their workshop, from the common school and the meeting-house, the synagogue and the church, to strike no useless blows for freedom; the wealth of the nation was poured forth in a limitless profusion; life, youth, hope, valor, genius, were laid down in the cause of universal liberty; the working-men of the Old World saluted their suffering brethren in the New with earnest sympathy; and within four years was decided the most momentous contest the world has ever seen. On the broad fields of the new continent the rights of labor and of man were defended against aggressive slavery; European caste and medieval superstition, the gross delusions of the barbarous age, were rolled backward, and the republic was preserved. Chivalry and tyranny, religious intolerance and papal despotism, had received irremediable wounds. The victories of GRANT and the statesmanship of LINCOLN drove NAPOLEON from Mexico, and shook his imperial fabric to the centre, forced on the English oligarchy to new concessions to the people, accomplished the unity of Germany, and saved from the tyranny of pope or emperor the rising intellect of every land.

Through the vicissitudes of the war the Republican party drew within its limits the wiser and purer portion of its opponents, until there were left in the opposition to the maintenance of the government only a large proportion of the uncultivated foreigners and the less reputable members of the Democracy. The victories of GRANT, more eloquent at that dreadful moment than the highest triumphs of human oratory, had proved the weakness of the Southern conspirators, and swept over the people with convincing power. The Union party was revived; the eloquence of Vicksburg and Chattanooga converted a nation; the "peace meetings" were left chiefly to the Irish Catholics and their Romish leaders; and the conflict, more plainly than ever before, had become one between ignorance and knowledge, between the spirit of progress and the genius of decay. It lasted scarcely four years, yet it ended in a moral and political change swift and necessary. An intellectual purification had passed over our people. The slave empire had been swept away like a hideous vision. Its gross sensuality and moral death had been succeeded by the revival of a national conscience. The slave gangs no longer took their sorrowful way from Virginia to the farther South; the slave-ship, laden with its dreadful burden, was no more to blast the free waters of the Mississippi; the blood-hounds were no longer trained in the forests of Georgia or the Carolinas to hunt the weary fugitive in his lair. Nor were knowledge and Christianity shut out by barbarous laws from the white and colored laborers of the South. No one any longer ventured to defend caste and human bondage; no one asserted openly that the working-man was destined to be a slave; no one dared any more to restrict the progress of education by unnatural legislation. LINCOLN and GRANT had swept away unnumbered delusions; European barbarism had received a deadly wound; and the Republican party came out from the perilous struggle filled with a clearer sense of the value of its own convictions, more conscious than ever before of the superiority of free institutions. Since the war the admirers of the English constitution have grown few. Nor does any one long for the tranquillizing hand of a NAPOLEON, or desire a barbarous title or a crown. Paris has become a lesson rather than a temptation to our cultivated travelers. The fearful immorality of its fallen empire is remembered with disgust. Nor did the people ever feel more proudly conscious of their power of self-government than when, at the command of GRANT and LINCOLN, Richmond fell.

From that moment the Republican party has still pursued an honorable career. It has shown a humanity toward its fallen opponents that has no precedent in history. It has striven to soften their misfortunes and amend their errors. But its chief care has been to save them from themselves, and to throw around the working class of the South the protection of equal law. To a very remarkable degree it has succeeded. The colored and the white laborers of the South, so long the victims of their masters or their neighbors, have been suddenly raised to freedom and comparative ease. The church and the common school have penetrated into regions where they had never been known before. In spite of the labors of the Ku-Klux and the enmity of the planters, education is raising great sections of our country once barbarous to civilization and good order. A few swift years of freedom have trained six millions of serfs to rational self-government; some have learned only its rudiments, others have often surpassed their former masters; but their progress is certain and their final victory sure. The six millions of white and colored Southern laborers who have been rescued from barbarism and ignorance are among the fairest trophies of the success of the Republican party. We do not propose to recount its more apparent achievements, the economy of its administration, its simultaneous reduction of taxation and the national debt, its constant toil to satisfy the wishes of the people by adequate reforms, or the modesty with which it has always consented to be instructed by its own errors or the clamor of its foes. But we conceive that in the eye of history its highest claim to the esteem of posterity will be its firm adhesion to the principle of popular rule, and the example it has offered to the world of a nation animated through every danger by the vital love of liberty.

Thus the Republican party came out from a fearful struggle still governed by the genius of WASHINGTON and of LINCOLN, humane yet resolute, severe only against the hopelessly vicious; and as it painfully labored to preserve the purity of the nation through the corrupt rule of JOHNSON, and against the assaults of open and secret foes, it never lost its tendency toward the truth. It still pressed onward in the cause of education and of universal freedom, and amidst many disasters helped the progress of mankind. Under the firm yet judicious rule of GRANT and COLFAX it crushed again the elements of disunion, taught peace, industry, and economy, and raised its ceaseless protest against European barbarism and the malignant cruelty that still disturbed the rising civilization of the Southern States. But its crowning triumph is the last. The Presidential election which has just resulted in an unprecedented victory for the principles of freedom will long live in the memory of a rejoicing nation. The enemies of Republicanism had prepared a plot for its destruction which might well lead to success. In the South every State was to be carried by force; and the example of Georgia or Alabama seemed to show that the process was easy, that the desperate leaders of the fallen faction might revive that tyranny by which they had once held their despotic power. In the North the Democratic party still retained the support of the Irish Catholics and of a large body of corrupt or unreflecting adherents. The Romish Church stood steadily on its side; the Romish press was eager to destroy Republicanism, the offspring of the common schools. The city of New York was still held in bondage by the Romish vote, and the Tammany Society, the shame of freedom, once more raised its unblushing front in the midst of its boundless frauds. Rebels and Romish leaders counted over their faithful followers; it was only necessary to win over a few Republicans to gain the control of the nation. But here their good fortune seemed to rain boundless favors upon the conspirators. SUMNER and GREELEY, BANKS, TRUMBULL, and a throng of lesser chiefs, once the trusted friends of freedom, joined in the league of rebels and of priests; SCHURZ, breathing out calumny and bitter hate, offered the German vote to the new party; a cry of conciliation and of peace was raised by the men who were torturing the free citizens at the South, or striving to blast the fame of their defenders at the North. The Democratic party nominated Mr. GREELEY for the Presidency; the recreant Republicans hastened to lend him their aid. Calumny and endless personal defamation were their ready weapons. President GRANT and his administration were overwhelmed with the gross insinuations and the most improbable falsehoods of the Catholic press, the rebel leaders, and the fallen Republicans; the Jesuit journals of Germany and France cheered on their American allies; and for a moment the interests of freedom, education, and of human progress in the Old and the New World seemed about to sink before the unhallowed coalition. But the honesty and the good sense of the people have baffled their treacherous designs. An unprecedented retribution has fallen upon the political leaders of the conspiracy. The foreign Church has been detected and defeated in its plots against American education; has been taught that the American people will suffer no intriguing priesthood to rule over the minds of its children. The Germans, whom the Liberal Republicans hoped to seduce and betray into a union with the enemies of Germany and German progress, have slowly escaped from the toils of their deceivers. The people have risen up in stern majesty to protect the cabin of the negro from the incredible cruelty of the Ku-Klux, and to destroy those usurping governments which in the Southern States have been founded upon bloodshed and crime. With an unprecedented unanimity, scarcely equaled when Vicksburg yielded and Richmond fell, the nation has stamped the mark of falsehood upon the calumniators of President GRANT, and declared its approbation of the man who in peace not less than in war has served it so well.

In the moment of its triumph, too, the Republican party will look to its future with hope, yet not without a rational alarm. It bears with it the destiny of freedom. It stands at the front of human progress. The freemen of every advancing nation will be affected by its example, and are listening to its voice. We believe that the chief and favorite labor of Republicanism will be to educate the people. Governments in the future must become school-masters if they would continue to exist, and every free government has the right to compel all the members of the community to learn the duties of citizenship. Rigid compulsory education can alone dissipate that vast mass of foreign ignorance and prejudice which has made the city of New York a centre of fraud and of political danger, the instrument in the hands of foreign priests. A just and thorough scheme of compulsory education must be devised to raise the population of the Southern States into a higher grade of civilization, to banish brigandage and assassination, the duelist and the bravo, to teach all men the duty of labor, and to insure to every man a peaceful enjoyment of the fruits of his toil. A compulsory system of education, spreading from the Atlantic to the Pacific, can alone produce that mental equality which is the true foundation of union: the golden links of the common-school system must chain together that congeries of minds which is to provide for the freedom and elevation of coming generations. In its future, as in its past, we believe that the Republican party will be faithful to the highest impulses of freedom; that modesty, charity, and firmness will be its guides, and that in all its education it will never fail to trace the hand of that good Providence to whose glory all education tends. In this way only can every nation be made a school-house of virtue, and a just knowledge become as free to all as the light from heaven.

MRS. GEORGE.

I REPEAT again, and to myself, Mrs. George is an admirable housekeeper, and a very superior woman. Her eyes are sparkling and penetrating; her hair ripples and waves like that of a child. I am—ahem!—almost charmed with Mrs. George. Not only are the eyes of Mrs. George extremely penetrative, but her conception of character is something marvelous. I confess I was astonished when she laid before me the painful delinquencies of my two old servants. Starkey and Tom had lived with me fourteen years, but upon the advent of this admirable woman I suddenly learned that I was being plucked; that half my meats were taken off to poor relations; that the cat was *not* answerable for my butcher's inflated bills, and that the dog has lived very comfortably on table-leavings since then. It is very plain that Mrs. George is an immensely superior woman. I liked her frank way of speaking about the furniture.

"A gentleman in your condition, and of your appearance"—yes, she was pleased to say, of your *appearance*—"should not be shabbily furnished, Sir. Not that *I* care. For myself, plain three-ply and walnut, or even chestnut; but for these delightful rooms, Turkey, Sir, with brilliant colors, and a set, Sir, in satin and gilt."

Well, of course, I had the parlors thoroughly refurnished, and I laid a neat new Brussels in Mrs. George's own room. To see that lovely woman's gratitude! it was beautiful.

Thus was I soliloquizing early one morning over my eggs and toast, when Mrs. George came gliding in with the airy grace of a sylph. I never saw a sylph in my life, but I am sure that is the proper thing to say.

"Really, Mrs. George—" I began.

"Now don't scold me, dear Sir. You see, I knew my duty"—with that smile that touches my too susceptible heart, as the moonlight kindles the melting snow. "Your eggs are done as you like them, I trust: I always see to such things myself." And as she sat down and placed her slender hand on the spotless table-cloth, I could not tell which was the whitest.

"The eggs are simply perfect, Mrs. George," was my reply; "and I never tasted better bread."

"I always have my eye on Betty when she is making bread, Mr. Haynes. So much depends upon these humble culinary efforts. Alas!"—and she sighed softly—"we live in degenerate days, Sir, when women seek their pleasures outside of the sacred portals of home. I have never allowed myself, Sir, to be distracted from my legitimate pursuits."

"I believe you, Mrs. George," said I, warmly, and a diamond solitaire glittered before my mental vision, or perhaps I should say, sentimental vision; but how was a man to hold out long against the charms of so nobly planned a woman, with taper fingers and gentle, downcast eyes, and such blessed notions of the beauty of domestic life?

"I trust your breakfast pleased you, Sir."

"Upon my word, Mrs. George," I said, her bewildering eyes smiling into mine, "I was never so charmed in my life."

She blushed. What had I said to bring that exquisite dye upon her cheek? I grew frightened, and backed away from the table, pulling on my gloves.

"How soon do you go, Sir?" she asked, rising, her slender fingers playing with a little chain that relieved the dead black of her dress.

"I leave in twenty minutes, Mrs. George."

"And as you are to be gone all day—am I correct, Mr. Haynes?"

I nodded.

"As you are to be gone all day, and I invariably see to such things myself, would you leave the key of the safe with me? The silver has long been in need of scouring, and you really should not be so extravagant as to send it to a silversmith's for that purpose, as most gentlemen do. I have a wonderful powder—my dear old mother gave me the recipe; for indeed, Sir"—a plaintive tenderness gliding into her pathetic tones—"we have had silver in our family: my mother was a Hancock."

She paused. My glance, I trust, was full of sympathy.

"Yes, Sir, a Hancock. But reverses, Sir, sad reverses, swept every thing away"—with a stately wave of her white hand. "The powder is invaluable. I might, could I condescend, make my fortune with it. Do you think you had better leave the key, or," drawing her fine figure up, "will you take the silver—"

"Mrs. George, I beg— Here are the keys, Mrs. George."

There were ten thousand dollars in that safe, and I detached the key of the money-drawer.

"Thank you; you will hardly know your plate to-morrow," she said, with pretty, laughing lips. "Pray, pray wrap up well; it is such a wind!"

Thump went my heart.

"You will be home—when? I always prefer to have an explicit understanding, so that every thing may be in readiness."

"To-morrow at twelve, Mrs. George," was my reply, wondering how it would seem to kiss a pair of lips just as dewy and pouting as hers; and then I tore myself from the temptation, shook hands with Mrs. George, and left the house.

"Straws show which way the wind blows," says the old adage. It is my opinion that hats occasionally do that little favor for mankind. At least mine took the liberty to do so that morning.

I had now ten minutes in which to reach the B—— station. The dépôt was only a few squares distant, and I was walking as comfortably as I could, bracing myself against the wind, when a sweeping gust came round the corner. Something was lifted from my head: it was my hat.

My first impulse was to look round to see if any body was laughing—I always laugh myself at a flying hat—and then I betook myself to sport. The hat only ambled; I was sure to catch it. It lodged against a gas-post; my hand was almost on it, when the twin to that other gust came racing along, and off went my hat. It was very early, and there were but few people abroad. I heard now and then a faint laugh; a scurvy little urchin sang out, "Go it, boots!" a Hibernian maid, carrying a large parcel in a small paper, cried, "Shure the hat's leading that man a chase!" but on I went, breathless, chagrined, and mad. Up Oak Street, down Green, across Maple, and through Cherry that confounded hat led me; now doubling and fluttering almost under my nose; now gyrating with exultant motion, that dumbly expressed the jubilee of uncontrollable jollity; now whirling into somebody's garden; now whisking round a barber's pole; now bobbing along the edge of a fence, till at last—at *last*—I had it!

Death could not grip harder than I held on to that erratic brim. It was, I felt, a hat gifted with extraordinary powers of locomotion, and I did not mean to let it have its own sweet will again.

I pulled out my watch with one hand, holding still to my hat with the other. It wanted one minute to seven, and the train was five blocks off. Hoping against hope, I set off on a run, and at the corner of the third block had the supreme satisfaction of hearing the final whistle, and the swift thud and thunder of the departing train.

I was balked, and gave my hat a savage pull as I stopped to consider what had best be done. I anathematized hats of every persuasion, from the orthodox stove-pipe to the Quaker broadbrim. To have crushed the offending member on my own head as flat as a pancake, and then finished it with my penknife, would have been balm to my aggravated soul.

Turning my steps in the direction of my office, I walked moodily on, a disappointed man. Instead of the holiday which I had so fondly anticipated, the merry greeting of friends, the sight of old, long-banished faces, I was still bound to the perplexities of an interminable law case.

It would be as well, perhaps, to attend to business, I thought, with a rueful visage; and I prepared to resign myself with the best grace possible.

My office was nearly two miles from my house. After a leisurely walk I arrived there just as the clock was striking eight. Up I went, scattering straws and papers, till I gained the cheerless, uncarpeted passage, and saw, opposite, my own square of painted glass, and the card, "Not in till to-morrow;" and then I found that I had left my office key in my other vest pocket in my dressing-room wardrobe at home.

Clearly I had begun the day wrong foot foremost, as my old nurse used to say when every thing went awry. What should I do next? I meditated upon the matter going down stairs, utterly oblivious of a basket of oranges at my

elbow till the vicious scream of the old fruit peddler startled me.

"Sacré! Sare, you are no zhentleman."

I turned, thrilled with horror. The oranges were racing pell-mell down stairs, to the delight of several street urchins, and out into the gutter. I, unfortunate wretch, had sent them there with an unconscious movement of my arm as I gesticulated to myself.

Nothing stirs mutiny in a man's soul quicker than the imputation of not being a gentleman. A five-dollar bill, however, healed the noisy foreigner's wounds, and mine too, for with one of his most fantastic bows the peddler repeated, "Sare, I was mistake; I see you air von zhentleman."

There was nothing for it now but to go home again. I pleased myself with pictures of Mrs. George busy over my silver. I make no secret of saying that I like to see delicate, refined women at work. The bare, round, blue-veined arms, temptingly displayed just below the elbow; the pretty handkerchief tied over flowing tresses; the stout linen apron jealously keeping guard from throat to toes; the quick, fine step; the musical gurgle of some sweet old favorite song; the dash and spirit they contrive to throw into commonplace observances; the mimic bluster when one of the stupid masculines interferes with their privileges, if it is only in trying to find the shoe-brush—make up a charming aggregate, delightful to one who has never had a more intimate acquaintance than his housekeeper.

So should I see Mrs. George, perchance, herself rubbing with those white taper fingers the old silver that my mother once delighted to honor. It needed only this experience, I felt, to make me a willing slave, to send me in hot haste to Ball & Black's to choose the finest, costliest solitaire to be found in their brilliant collection.

I reached my home; I mounted the steps. There was a strange silence about the premises. No cheerful bustle, no merry voices, no sound of footsteps, no ring of clattering silverware, no any thing.

I pulled the bell. Still completest silence; not even Jip's little cheery yelp warned or welcomed the solitary and disappointed home-seeker. The parlor blinds were closed, the basement shades were down: it seemed as if there must be a corpse in the house. Again and again I rang. The bell, a powerful one, jangled spitefully, as if it took pleasure in insisting that there was nobody at home. I descended the steps; I went round to the back gate, and succeeded in loosening the hook that confined it with my penknife. All was as silent here as elsewhere: the servants must be gone; Jip must be gone. "What the deuce is in it all?" I muttered, impatiently.

Perhaps Mrs. George had postponed her silver cleaning till afternoon, and had gone to a matinée; but where were the servants?

There was, fortunately, a window at the back part of the house that could be unfastened on the outside. The contrivance was one of my own, and nobody was in the secret but myself. I opened the window, and had just fastened my knee comfortably on the stone coping, when a heavy hand grasped my elbow.

"I noticed something suspicious, and followed you, you rascal! Ain't you ashamed—a man looking like a gentleman—breaking into a house like a common thief?"

The fellow held me in his grasp as if it were a vise. I looked over my shoulder. A star blazed on the wretch's blue-coated breast; there was a gilt number on his cap; his breath smelled of—but we won't mention that; his nose was a turn-up, his hair was a little reddish—this is original—and the whole contour of the man told of his Paul Pry instincts. I felt my eyes flash, my cheeks burn, and I mentally resolved, after crushing and cutting, to put my unlucky hat, that had led me into all these scrapes, into the kitchen stove.

"What do you wish, Sir?" I exclaimed, with as much dignity and severity as my very peculiar and cramped position would permit. "Unhand me—quick, Sir! I am no thief, but the lawful owner of No. 1440. My name is Haynes, Robert Haynes; go round and look at the door-plate."

"None of that blather, young man," said the officer, sternly; "you've scrutinized that door-plate pretty thoroughly. I've had my eye on you for some time."

"You don't know what you are talking about. Let me get down, Sir," said I, hotly. "I tell you I am Mr. Haynes, Robert Haynes, law-office on Cooper Street. I shall not condescend to explain to you how I happen not to have the key of my own front-door. You have only to accompany me to Judge Holt's, on the right here, and ask any member of the family whether I am or am not Mr. Robert Haynes."

"Very well got off, my young gentleman, but you must allow me to take your arm."

"I am not in the habit of walking arm in arm with policemen," said I, haughtily.

"Then I shall be obliged to arrest you for suspicious conduct," he responded, preparing the way for action.

There was nothing for it but to submit to have his blue sleeve passed through my black one, and proceed to the residence of the judge to find out if I was—myself.

We had hardly passed to the sidewalk when, fortunately, the judge himself came along.

"Hello, Haynes!" he cried, and then glanced at the figure at my side.

"I am about to be arrested for breaking into my own house," I said, returning his salutation. The policeman had suddenly dropped my arm, as if it burned him. The old judge, who relished a joke, burst into a guffaw of laughter which brought the neighbors to their windows.

"By-the-way," said the judge, when he had recovered himself, "you had better keep your friend of the star in tow. My wife spoke to me about your housekeeper this morning; said she went away in a carriage, and took more bundles than she brought when she came here."

My heart beat almost audibly. Could this gentle-browed, low-voiced woman, of whom I had thought in connection with a diamond engagement-ring, be vile enough to deceive me, to despoil me? The supposition was too dreadful.

"I counsel you to attempt another raid," he added. "Perhaps Johnny here will give you a boost;" and he laughed again. "It may be all the purest conjecture on my wife's part, you know. Ladies are apt to be suspicious of housekeepers. Ha! ha! ha!"

It might be all a mistake! It was a mistake, I repeated, almost furiously, to myself. Mrs. George, that quiet-moving, perfectly lady-like person; Mrs. George, whose lightest step had sometimes set my pulses fluttering; of whom I had dreamed I dare not say how often; whose superb eyes, swan-like throat, and stately presence I had admired untold of times—she to descend to any little petty meanness, to house-lifting!

I entered the domicile at the back window, bidding the policeman be within call. The first thing I saw in the basement passage was the dead body of poor little Jip, my pet terrier. He had evidently been poisoned. I walked through the lower rooms. A costly bronze clock and three expensive vases were gone from the parlor shelf; also a very beautiful little group in terra cotta, for which I had given an extravagant price. On a closer examination I saw that the edges of my new carpets were loose. They had certainly been tacked down before.

I opened the door into the front hall, which literally swarmed with packages. They stood on the chairs, on the hat-rack, on the table—every where. Not caring to stop to examine these evidences of dishonesty, I went up stairs to the second story. There on a toilet-table lay a neatly folded note, of which the following is a transcript:

"DEAR MAT,—I have packed every thing that could be conveniently carried—the clothes, the silver, the books, and as many light ornaments as possible. I think you might easily take the carpets, if you are expeditious and can rely upon your men. The *old gentleman* (I bit my tongue) "won't be home till noon to-morrow. I have circulated a report that he intends to dispose of some of his furniture; consequently you might all a couple of large vans. The money I have in my possession. I contrived to loosen the carpets at the edges, but could not move the heavy furniture. You can fold the first, and your men can carry out the latter. I hope you have followed my directions as to dress; the neighbors will take you for Mr. Haynes. If it had not been for you, Mat, I would have let him make love to me. *I could twist him round my finger!*

"After you are through I shall be at the place designated. The servants are in my pay, and I have sent them off. You can not tell how patiently I have looked forward to the completion of this little scheme. My dear Mat, if we get off (we shall get off) we are made for life.

"And now, my darling, farewell for a short time. I wish I could have seen you, but this letter must suffice. *Destroy it at once.*"

So she could twist me round her finger, could she? The truth in this bold assertion made me wince; I felt a fool down to my finger ends.

The Star joined me at a signal, and we went up stairs together.

"It's the most outdacious thing I ever heard tell of!" he exclaimed. "We will wait up here and see the play out. I'll bow the shutters, and there'll be some fun before long. Have you got any shooting-irons?"

I went to my room and returned with two revolvers.

"That is good," he said, his stolid face lighting up · "now we are prepared for them. It will be a pretty case. Suppose you suspect the housekeeper?"

I had kept the contents of the letter to myself, merely giving him a hint or two, but I felt my blood boil at the mention of Mrs. George.

"Yes, of course I suspect the housekeeper. She turned off my old servants and brought two creatures of her own here. Nobody knows how much they have carried off."

"It's resky business," muttered the Star, with a shrewd glance. "Men ain't never safe with women-folks about, unless the ladies are in the firm, by Jove! Rayther nice-looking?" and the fellow winked vulgarly.

"No, ugly as the deuce!" was my half-savage reply. It would never do to let this man know how I had been cajoled by an artful interloper.

"Here's our game!" whispered the policeman, as a stylish carriage drove up to the door.

I looked down. The make-up of the thief was complete. A casual acquaintance would have sworn that it was me. The fellow sat gracefully back in the carriage, waited till the coachman opened the door, and stood there a moment on the sidewalk, looking carelessly round.

"Sure it's a perfect duplicate; but he'll send the carriage off presently. It's inspecting he'll be about for a time, and then a different kind of a carriage 'll be in waiting."

Sure enough, the stylish equipage was driven off, and the man, with the very trick of my own step, lounged coolly up to the door, the red-lined cape of his coat jauntily displayed. Since that day I have discarded red lining.

The door opened, and the fellow went prowling over the lower rooms. In a very few moments he was joined by two other men, whom he let in by the back basement door.

"We'll contrive to intercept them," whispered the policeman. "You just stand here with your two pistols, and I'll find my way down, so as to surprise them. If they show fight, fire."

He crept down stairs. I waited, trembling a little, but resolute. The men tramped about for a while, and said something about a dray round the corner. Presently they gathered in the parlor, and began to take up the carpet, thinking, no doubt, they were working for Mr. Robert Haynes. Then the Star posted himself at the back-door, and called me down by a sign.

It was quick work. The poor fellows turned pale—the jobbers—when they saw the pistols. The three were marched off in order, and a few hours afterward Star and I were entering the crowded passage of the B—— dépôt. We wended our way to the ladies' room. Mrs. George was there, as beautiful, as cool, as graceful as ever. When I pointed her out,

"The devil!" blurted Star; "I thought you said she was ugly. That woman? Thunder an' 'ounds!"

My blood was up, however, and I felt no pity. Twist me round her finger, could she? I wondered if she would attempt it now. I walked coolly up to her. A large valise stood on end by her side.

"Mrs. George," said I, "I'll thank you for that ten thousand."

I never saw such a face on any mortal being in my life. All the vitality seemed struck out of it; it was white, dull, and dead, with dusky, frightened, shining eyes almost starting from their sockets. I did not know whether she meant to scream, to swear, or to run. She gave a gasp or two, and half rose, but Star's "Please to keep your seat, madam," sent her back.

Upon my soul, after the first moment of gratified revenge, I pitied the poor woman; saw only my gentle, refined housekeeper, with her soft, pleading eyes. It was well the policeman got me out of the way, or for the second time I might have made a fool of myself.

Some years afterward, when a different sort of housekeeper sat at the head of my table—a *petite* woman with blonde hair, and eyes that melted the heart in a man—I heard from Mrs. George. She was keeping bar in a San Francisco restaurant.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT advices from Mr. STEVENSON, director of the Snake River division of the United States Geological Survey, under command of Professor HAYDEN, announce the arrival of the party at Fort Hall on the 11th of October, the entire Snake River Basin having been carefully explored by them. The party reached the Geyser Basin the last of July, having obtained supplies from Virginia City, via Madison Valley. They followed the Madison River to its source in a small lake, and crossed the "divide" to Madison Lake, which they found to have no connection with Madison River, but with an outlet about one hundred feet wide, flowing in an opposite direction from the one given on the maps. They followed this to its entrance into another lake about five miles wide, and which proved to be the real source of Snake River. They found a geyser basin near the sources of Snake River, with about two hundred springs of all sizes, some of which spouted eighty to one hundred feet in height. Mr. STEVENSON divided his party above the Snake River Cañon into two portions, one of which passed through the cañon, and the other explored the Teton Pass, both meeting again at the lower end of the cañon.

The division under the immediate direction of Professor HAYDEN reached Bozeman on the 14th of October, having completed the season's labors. Every step is said to have been a success, and the amount of valuable material of scientific and practical value to far exceed that of any previous year. The professor and his assistants proceed at once to Washington to prepare the report, to be presented to Congress for publication at an early date.

Just before closing his field labors Professor HAYDEN's party had explored the Gallatin River to its source, and completed the examination of the Yellow Stone by descending it to Mount Shields River, thence returning to the Three Forks. He expected to visit Helena before proceeding to Washington, for the purpose of determining its latitude and longitude. His astronomers had already fixed the geographical position of Virginia City, Fort Ellis, and Fort Hall.

The International Exhibition now being held in London is only one of a series, to be continued indefinitely, year by year, one or more principal subjects being selected each year for special illustration. It is announced that the divisions for the next year's display will consist, first, of the fine arts; second, manufactures; third, recent scientific investigations and discoveries of all kinds. That of 1874 is to embrace artificial illuminations by all methods; gas and its manufacture. That of 1875, hydraulics and experiments; supply of water. 1876, photographic apparatus and photography; philosophical instruments, and processes depending upon their use. 1877, health; manufactures, etc., promoting health, with experiments. 1878, chemical substances, products, and experiments; pharmaceutical processes.

Mr. ROBERT SWINHOE, the British consul at Ningpo, in China, has been for many years distinguished for the extent and success of his operations in regard to the natural history of China, having published numerous papers of great value relating to the mammals and birds of that country, and at the same time making extensive collections of mammals and birds, both living and stuffed. This gentleman has been very ill for nearly a year, but is now recovering, and has already resumed his zoological investigations.

The death of Professor JOHN F. FRASER, of the University of Pennsylvania, which took place on the 12th of October last, at the age of sixty-one, will be a severe blow to the institution with which he was connected for so long a period. This gentleman was well known in American scientific circles from his long connection with the American Philosophical Society and the Franklin Institute.

During the last year an appropriation of $11,500 was made by the British government for the purpose of supplying a new equatorial telescope to the Royal Observatory at Edinburgh, and the instrument is now being built by Mr. HOWARD GRUBB, of Dublin. It is to be a reflector of a somewhat novel character, as, with an aperture of two feet, the focal length will be only ten feet, the diameter being larger in proportion than that of any telescope heretofore constructed. The lens is to be of glass, coated with pure silver, instead of being polished metal. The instrument is intended to be employed especially for photographic and spectroscopic purposes, and will be mounted so as to be perfectly free from any tremor. The whole apparatus will be completed and in operation by December.

Mr. GEORGE CLARK, of Ecorce, Michigan, on the 14th of May last marked a number of white-fish by inserting a brass ring into the adipose dorsal (the small fleshy fin just in front of the tail), and connecting this by means of a second ring with a piece of brass about the size of a ten-cent piece, the object in view being to identify them if again caught. The weight of each fish was about a pound and a half when they were set free; and Mr. CLARK now has issued a printed request to fishermen who may recapture any of the fish thus marked, to send them, with the tags, to CROWEL & Co. or ST. JOHN & BUCK, Toledo; Messrs. PAXTON, of Monroe; JAMES CRAIG, A. M. CAMPAU, C. HURLBURT, or J. P. CLARK, of Detroit; B. REAUME, of Springwells; GEORGE CLARK, of Ecorce; or Mr. REAUME, of Grosse Isle, stating when and where caught; or, if this can not be done, to send the exact length and weight of the fish, with the tags, by mail. The object of this is to ascertain the rate of growth of the fish during any interval which may elapse between the time of marking and the date of recapture.

One of the most striking of the many interesting discoveries of vertebrate fossils made in the wonderfully rich formations of the West is that of a fossil bird obtained by Professor MUDGE in the upper cretaceous shale of Kansas, and described by Professor MARSH. The remains indicate an aquatic form about the size of a pigeon, but differing widely from all known birds in having *biconcave vertebræ*. The rest of the skeleton, however, is quite similar to that of the average type. The species has been named *Icthyornis dispar*.

Very gratifying reports have been furnished by Captain BRYANT, the United States officer in charge of the fur-seal islands in the Behring Sea, of the number and condition of the seals during the present season. Shortly after the cession of these islands by Russia to the United States fears were entertained that these animals would leave the islands on account of the indiscriminate slaughter to which they were subjected. But the enactment of wholesome laws by the United States on this subject, and the vigilant care exercised by Captain BRYANT over the operations of the fur companies, have resulted not only in bringing the number back to the normal average, but in carrying it higher than was ever known before. Of the 100,000 authorized to be taken, 95,000 had been secured before the 25th of July without materially affecting the number; and there are so many pups of twelve months old, which will be fit to kill in another season, that it is thought probable the extension of the limitation of capture may be necessary to prevent an overweening increase.

With commendable enterprise Messrs. MAYNARD & DEAN, of Massachusetts, announce their intention of publishing a periodical under the name of *American Ornithology*, to be devoted to the scientific and popular history of birds. It is to appear bi-monthly, at the rate of five dollars a year, and will consist in part of popular articles on birds, and in part of more elaborate and technical memoirs. Each part will consist of about forty pages, and will contain a colored plate of some new or little-known American species.

In view of the difficulty of sustaining special journals in this country, this enterprise is one of no little daring, but will, we trust, be justified by the result. At present there are but two periodicals exclusively devoted to birds; one of them, the London *Ibis*, published quarterly; the other, the *Journal für Ornithologie* of CABANIS, published bi-monthly in Leipsic.

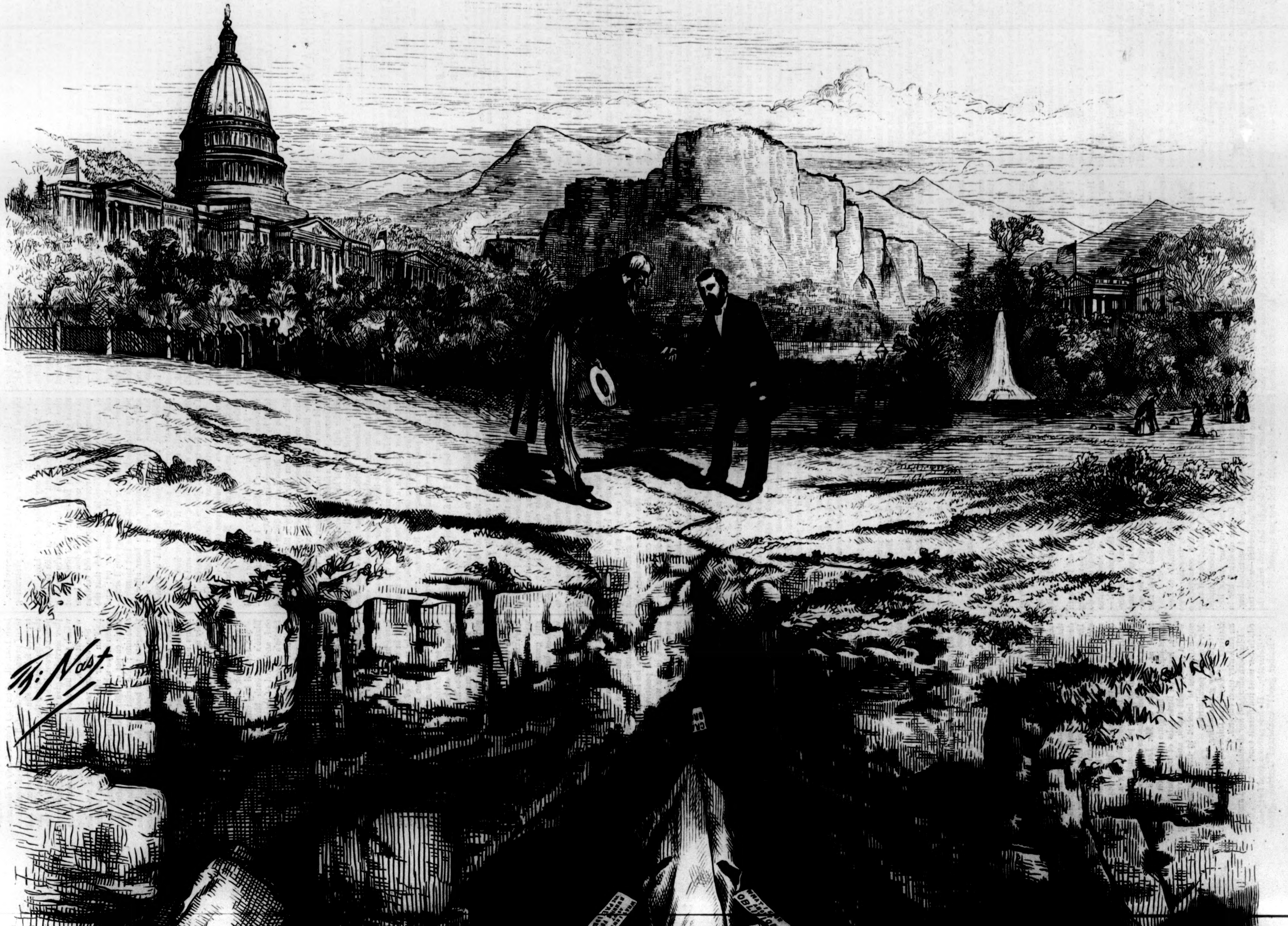
According to the late papers the catch of mackerel for 1872 appears to have been at least one-third less than that of the preceding season. The principal reason for this is supposed to be the disinclination of the American fishermen to visit the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where the best summer fisheries are to be had, in view of the failure of the Dominion authorities to ratify the late fishery treaty, and the fear on the part of the fishermen of arbitrary exactions and interference by the coast-guards.

A material change has taken place, also, in the mode of capture, the use of the hand-line having been to a very considerable extent superseded by the seine. This is a much more efficient manner of taking them, but is said to be one involving great waste, as, wherever a very large number are taken, a considerable percentage die and become worthless before they can be properly cared for.

Under the act of Congress authorizing the introduction of useful food fishes into the rivers and lakes of the United States, extensive arrangements have been made, as already announced, in reference to salmon, among other species; and while the large stock of eggs expected of the true *Salmo salar* is to be distributed in the waters of the Eastern States and of the great lakes, those of the Sacramento River species are to be placed in the Susquehanna River, and in streams to the south and west of it.

A serious objection has been raised to the introduction of the Sacramento fish, on the score of its furnishing no sport to the angler, on account of its supposed indifference to any tempting bait. We learn, however, from Mr. LIVINGSTON STONE, the gentleman in charge of the United States salmon-breeding establishment on the Sacramento, that this is entirely a mistake. We have received his own assurances, and through him those of others, that these fish are readily caught with a hook baited with salmon roe. Mr. STONE has himself seen fish weighing from fifteen to twenty-two pounds taken in this way, and he informs us that Mr. ISAAC FRYE, the proprietor of the hotel at Soda Springs, near Mount Shasta, has frequently taken in the Sacramento River as many as ten salmon in a day, averaging fifteen pounds each; and in one instance this summer he captured one of twenty-four pounds weight.

CLASPING HANDS OVER THE BLOODLESS (SAR)C(H)ASM.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THE HORSE BEWITCHED.

THE lower engraving on page 908 illustrates a popular superstition which exists among the Catholic peasants of Germany and other European countries. As will be seen, the horse, the chief support of a poor German family, has fallen sick, and great is the sorrow in the household. Mother and children weep around the faithful animal, and the poor peasant stands like one in complete despair. But hope has dawned upon him with the thought that the beast is only bewitched, and he has sent to fetch in the priest to set the creature free from the evil spirit. The priest, who finds it necessary to humor the superstition, comes in answer to the call, dressed in full canonicals, and accompanied by his choirboy. The fumes of incense fill the stable, the horse is sprinkled with holy-water, and the evil spirit is conjured to quit the animal.

At length the priest finishes his conjuration, and takes his leave; but, as he departs, he admonishes the peasant to take good care of the horse, and to send for the veterinary surgeon to complete the cure. But even if he follows this practical advice, the peasant will always attribute the recovery of his beast to the incense, the holy-water, and the priestly conjuration, rather than to the surgeon's care and medicine.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

"Egypt, thou knewst too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knewst; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me."

Book the First.

CHAPTER I.

"Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart."

THE scene was an ancient orchard on the slope of a hill in the far west of England: an orchard bounded on one side by an old-fashioned garden, where roses and carnations were blooming in their summer glory, and on the other by a ponderous red brick wall, heavily buttressed, and with a moat at its outer base—a wall that was built for the protection of a more important habitation than Hawleigh Vicarage. Time was when the green slope where the rugged apple-trees spread their crooked limbs in the sunshine was a prim pleasance, and when the hill was crowned by the grim towers of Hawleigh Castle. But the civil wars made an end of the Gothic towers and machicolated galleries that had weathered many a storm, and nothing was now left save a remnant of the old wall and one solitary tower, to which some archæologically minded vicar in time past had joined the modest parsonage of Hawleigh parish. This was a low white building, of the farm-house type, large and roomy, with bow-windows to some of the lower rooms, and diamond-paned casements to others. In this western land of warm rains and flowers the myrtles and roses climbed to the steeply sloping roof, and every antique casement looked out of a frame of foliage and blossom. It was not a mansion which a modern architect would have been proud to have built by any means, but a dwelling-place which a painter or a poet would have fallen madly in love with at first sight.

There were pigeons cooing and boop-boop-booping among the moss-grown corbels of the tower; a blackbird in a wicker cage hanging outside one of the narrow windows; a sky-lark in a little green wooden box decorating another. The garden where the roses and carnations flourished had somewhat of a neglected look, not weedy or forlorn, only a little unkempt and over-luxuriant, like a garden to which the hireling gardener comes once a week, or which is left to the charge of a single out-door laborer who has horses and pigs upon his mind, nay, perhaps also the daily distraction of in-door duties in the boot and knife cleaning way.

Perhaps, looking at the subject from a purely poetical point of view, no garden should ever be better kept than that garden at Hawleigh. What ribbon bordering, or artistically variegated mosaic work of lobelia and petunia and calceolaria and verbena, could ever equal the wild beauty of roses that grew at their own sweet will against a background of seringa and arbutus?—shrubs that must have been planted by some unknown benefactor in the remote past, for no incumbent of late years had ever been known to plant any thing. What prim, platter-like circles of well-behaved bedding-out plants, spick and span from the greenhouse, could charm the sense like the various and yet familiar old-world flowers that filled those long borders which curved in and out with the convolutions of that irregularly shaped three quarters of an acre which made Parson Luttrell's flower garden?

Of this small domain about half an acre consisted of meadow-like grass, not often improved by the roller, and sometimes permitted to flourish in rank luxuriance ankle-deep. The girls—that is to say, Wilmot Luttrell's four daughters—managed to play croquet upon that greensward nevertheless, being at the croquet-playing stage of existence, when a young woman hard driven would play croquet in an empty coal-cellar. Near the house the grass assumed form and dignity, and was bordered by a rugged sweep of loose gravel, called the carriage drive; and just opposite the drawing-room windows there stood an ancient stone sun-dial, on which the ladies of Hawleigh Castle had marked the slow passage of empty hours in centuries gone by. Only a hedge of holly divided the garden from a narrow strip of waste land that bordered the dusty high-road; but a row of fine old elms grew on that intervening strip of grass, and secured the Luttrell damsels from the gaze of the vulgar.

But for seclusion, for the sweet sense of utter solitude and retirement, the orchard was best—that undulating slope of mossy turf, cropped close by occasional sheep, which skirted the flower garden, and stretched away to the rear of the low white house. The very wall, crowned with foxgloves white and red, gaudy dragon's-mouth, and creeping yellow stone-crop, was in itself a picture; and in the shelter of this wall, which turned its stalwart old back to the west, was the nicest spot for an afternoon's idleness over a new book, or the worthless scrap of lace or muslin which constituted the last mania in the way of fancy-work. This, at least, was what Elizabeth Luttrell said of the old wall, and as she had been born, and reared for the nineteen years of her young life, at Hawleigh, she was a tolerable judge of the capabilities of garden and orchard. She sits in the shadow of the wall this June afternoon alone, with an unread book in her lap.

Elizabeth Luttrell is the beauty of a family in which all the daughters are handsome—the peerless flower among four fair sisters, who are renowned throughout this part of the western world as the pretty Misses Luttrell.

About Gertrude, the eldest, or Diana, the second, or Blanche, the youngest, there might be differences of opinion—a question raised as to the length of Gertrude's nose, a doubt as to the width of Diana's mouth, a schism upon the merits of Blanche's figure; but the third daughter of the house of Luttrell was simply perfect: you could no more dispute her beauty than that of the Florentine Venus.

What a picture she made upon this midsummer afternoon, as she sat in the shade of the ruddy old wall in a holland dress, and with a blue ribbon twisted in her hair, profile of face and figure in full relief against the warm background, every line the perfection of grace and beauty, every hue and every curve a study for a painter! Oh, if among all the splendid fashion plates in the Royal Academy—the duchess in black velvet train and point lace flounces and scarlet silk petticoat and diamonds; the marchioness in blonde and blue satin and pearls; the countess in white silk and azaleas; the viscountess in tulle and rose-buds—if in this feast of millinery Elizabeth Luttrell could but shine forth, sitting by the old orchard wall in her washed-out holland gown, what a revelation that fresh young beauty would seem!

It was not a rustic beauty, however—not a loveliness created to be dressed in white muslin and to adorn a cottage—but splendid rather, and worthy to rule the heart of a great man. Nose, a small aquiline; eyes, that darkly clear gray which in some lights deepens to violet; complexion, a warm brunette; forehead, low and broad; hair of the darkest brown, with ruddy golden gleams lurking in its crisp waves—hair which is in itself almost a sufficient justification for any young woman to set up as a beauty, if her stock in trade were no more than those dark brown tresses, those delicately arched brows and upward curling lashes. In all the varying charms of expression, as well as in regularity of feature, nature has gifted Elizabeth Luttrell with a lavish hand. She is the crystallization of centuries of dead-and-gone Luttrells, all more or less beautiful; for the race is one that can boast of good looks as a family heritage.

She sits alone by the old wall, the western sunlight shining through the crimson bells of the foxgloves and the red and yellow flowers of the dragon's-mouth above her head—sits alone, with loosely linked hands lying idle in her lap, and fixed dreaming eyes. It is nearly an hour since she has turned a leaf of her book, when a ringing soprano voice calling her name, and a shower of rose leaves thrown across her face, scare away her day-dreams.

She looks up impatiently, angrily even, at Blanche, the hoyden of the family, who stands above her on the steep grassy slope, with a basket of dilapidated roses on her arm. The damsel, incorrigibly idle alike by nature and habit, has been seized with an industrious fit, and has been clipping and trimming the roses.

"What a lazy creature you are, Lizzie!" she exclaims. "I thought you were going to put the ribbons on your muslin dress for this evening."

"I wish you'd be good enough to concern yourself about your own clothes, Blanche, and leave mine alone. And please don't come screaming at me when I'm—asleep."

"You weren't asleep; your eyes were ever so wide open. You were thinking—I can guess what about—and smiling at your own thoughts. I wish I had any thing as nice to think about. That's the worst of having a handsome sister. How can I suppose that any one will ever take any notice of poor little me?"

"Upon my honor, Blanche, I believe you are the most provoking girl in creation!"

"You can't believe that, for you don't know all the girls in creation."

"One of the most, then; but that comes of sending a girl to school. You have all the school-girl vulgarities."

"I'm sure I didn't want to go to Miss Derwent's, Lizzie. It was Gertrude's fault, making such a fuss about me, and setting papa at me. I'd much rather have run wild at home."

"I think you'd run wild any where, in a convent even."

"I dare say I should; but that's not the question. I want to know if you're going to wear your clean white muslin, because my own toilet hinges on your decision. It's a serious matter for girls who are allowed only one clean muslin a week."

"I don't know; perhaps I shall wear my blue," replies Elizabeth, with a careless air, pretending to read.

"You won't do any thing of the kind. It's ever so tumbled, and I know you like to look nice when Mr. Forde is here. You're such a mean girl, Elizabeth Luttrell! You pretend not to care a straw how you dress, and dawdle here making believe to read that stupid old volume of travels to the Victoria Thingembob that the old fogies of the book club choose for us; and when *we've* put on our veriest rags you'll scamper up the back stairs just at the last moment, and come down a quarter of an hour after he has come, all over crisp muslin flounces and fresh pink ribbons, just as if you'd a French milliner at your beck and call."

"I really can't help it if I know how to put on my things a little better than you and Diana. I'm sure Gertrude is always nicely dressed."

"Yes, Gertrude has the brand of Cain—Gertrude is a born old maid; one can see it in her neck-ribbons and top-knots. Now how about the white muslin?"

"I wish you wouldn't worry, Blanche; I shall wear exactly what I please. I will not be pestered by a younger sister. What's the time?"

The fourth Miss Luttrell drags a little Geneva silver watch from her belt by a black ribbon—a silver watch presented to her by her father on her fifteenth birthday—to be exchanged for a gold one at some indefinite period of the vicar's existence, when a flash of prosperity shall brighten the dull level of his financial career. He has given similar watches to all his daughters on their fifteenth birthdays; but Lizzie's lies forgotten among disabled brooches and odd earrings in a trinket-box on her dressing-table. Elizabeth Luttrell does not care to note the progress of her days on a pale-faced Geneva timepiece, value something under five pounds.

"Half past five by *me*," says Blanche.

"Are you twenty minutes slow, or twenty minutes fast?"

"Well, I believe I'm five-and-twenty minutes slow."

"Then I shall come to dress in half an hour. I wish you'd just tack those pink bows on my dress, Blanche—you're evidently at a loss for something to do."

"Just tack!" repeats the younger sister, with a wry face; "you mean sew them on, I suppose. That's like people asking you to 'touch' the bell when you're comfortably coiled up in an easy-chair at the other end of the room. It sounds less than asking one to ring it, but one has to disturb one's self all the same. I don't see why you shouldn't sew on your own ribbons: and I'm dead tired—I've been standing in the broiling sun for the last hour, trimming the roses, and trying to make the garden look a little decent."

"Oh, very well; I can get my dress ready myself," says Elizabeth, with a grand air, not lifting her eyes from the volume in which she struggles vainly to follow the current of the Victoria Nyanza. Has not Malcolm Forde expressed a respectful wish that she were a little less vague in her notions of all that vast world which lies beyond the market-town and rustic suburbs of Hawleigh?

"Don't be offended, Lizzie; you know I always do any thing you ask me. Where are the ribbons?"

"In the left-hand top drawer. Be sure you don't tumble my flounces."

"I'll take care. I'm so glad you're going to wear your white; for now I can wear mine without Gertrude grumbling about my extravagance in beginning a clean muslin at the end of the week: as if people with any pretense to refinement ever made any difference in their gowns at the end of the week—as if any body but utter barbarians would go grubby because it was Friday or Saturday! Mind you come up stairs in time to dress, Lizzie."

"I shall be ready, child. The people are not to be here till seven."

"The people! As if you cared one straw about Jane Harrison or Laura Melvin and that preposterous brother of hers!"

"You manage to flirt with the preposterous brother, at any rate," says Lizzie, still looking down at her book.

"Oh, one must get one's hand in somehow. And as if there were any choice of a subject in this God-forsaken place!"

"Blanche, how can you use such horrid expressions?"

"But it is God-forsaken. I heard Captain Fielding call it so the other day."

"You are always picking up somebody's phrases. Do go and tack on those ribbons, or I shall have to do it myself."

"And that would be a calamity," cries Blanche, laughing, "when there is any body else whose services you can utilize."

It was one of the golden rules of Elizabeth Luttrell's life that she should never do any thing for herself which she could get any one else to do for her. What was the good of having three unmarried sisters—all plainer than one's self—unless one made some use of them? She herself had grown up like a flower, as beautiful and as useless; not to toil or spin—only to be admired and cherished as a type of God-given idle loveliness.

That her beauty was to be profitable to herself and to the world by-and-by in some large way she regarded as an inevitable consequence of her existence. She had troubled herself very little about the future; had scarcely chafed against the narrow bounds of her daily life. That certainty of high fortune awaiting her in the coming years supported and sustained her. In the mean while she lived her life—a life not altogether devoid of delight, but into which the element of passion had not yet entered.

Even in so dull a place as Hawleigh there were plenty of admirers for such a girl as Elizabeth Luttrell. She had drunk freely of the nectar of praise, knew the full measure of her beauty, and felt that she was born to conquer. All the little victories, the trivial flirtations, of the present were, in her mind, mere child's play; but they served to give some variety to an existence which would have been intolerably monotonous without them.

She went on reading, or trying to read, for half an hour after Blanche had skipped up the green slope where the apple-trees spread a fantastic carpet of light and shade in the afternoon sunshine; she tried her hardest to chain her thoughts to that book of African travel, but the Victoria Nyanza eluded her like a will-o'-the-wisp. Her thoughts went back to a little scene under an avenue of ancient limes in Hawleigh Road—a scene that had been acted only a few hours ago. It was not very much to think of: only an accidental meeting with her father's curate, Malcolm Forde; only a little commonplace talk about the parish and the choir, the early services, and the latest volumes obtainable at the Hawleigh book club.

Mr. Luttrell had employed four curates since Lizzie's sixteenth birthday, and the first, second, and third of those young Levites had been Lizzie's devoted slaves. It had become an established rule that the curate—Mr. Luttrell could only afford one, though there were two churches in his duty—should fall madly in love with Elizabeth. But the fourth curate was of a different stuff from the material out of which the three simpering young gentlemen fresh from college were created. Malcolm Forde was five-and-thirty years of age; a man who had been a soldier, and who had taken up this new service from conviction; a man who possessed an income amply sufficient for his own simple needs, and in no way looked to the Church as an honorable manner of solving the great enigma of how a gentleman is to maintain himself in this world. He was a Christian in the purest and widest sense of the word; an earnest thinker, an indefatigable worker; an enthusiast upon all subjects relating to his beloved Church.

To such a man as this all small flirtations and girlish follies must needs appear trivial in the extreme; but Mr. Forde was not a prig, nor was he prone to parade his piety before the eyes of the world. So he fell into the ways of Hawleigh with consummate ease; played croquet with the mallet of a master; disliked high-jinks and grandiose entertainments at rich people's houses, but was not above an impromptu picnic with his intimate associates, a gypsy tea in Everton Wood, or a friendly musical evening at the parsonage. He had little time to devote to such relaxations, but did not disdain them on occasion.

At the outset of their acquaintance the four Luttrell girls vowed they should always be afraid of him; that those dreadful cold gray eyes of his made them feel uncomfortable.

"When he looks at me in that grave, searching way, I positively feel myself the wickedest creature in the world," cried Diana, who was of a sprightly disposition, and prone to a candid confession of all her weaknesses. "How I should hate to marry such a man! It would be like being perpetually brought face to face with one's conscience."

"I think a woman's husband ought, in a manner, to represent her conscience," said Gertrude, who was seven-and-twenty, and prided herself upon being serious-minded. "At least I should like to see all my faults and follies reflected in my husband's face, and to grow out of them by his influence."

"What a hard time your husband would have of it, Gerty!" exclaimed the flippant Blanche, assisting at the conversation from outside the open window of the breakfast-room, or den, in which the four damsels were as untidy as they pleased; Elizabeth's color-box and drawing-board, Gertrude's work-box, Diana's desk, Blanche's Dorcas bag, all heaped pell-mell upon the battered old sideboard.

"If you spent more time among the poor, Diana," said Gertrude, not deigning to notice this interruption, "you need not be afraid of any man's eyes. When our own hearts are at peace—"

"Don't, please, Gerty; don't give me any warmed-up versions of your tracts. The state of my own heart has nothing to do with the question. If I were the most spotless being in creation, I should feel just the same about Mr. Forde's eyes. As for district visiting, you know very well that my health was never good enough for that kind of thing; and I'm sure if papa had six daughters instead of four, you do enough in the goody-goody line for the whole batch."

Miss Luttrell gave a gentle sigh, and continued her needle-work in silence. She could not help feeling that she was the one bit of leaven that leavened the whole lump; that if a general destruction were threatened the daughters of Hawleigh by reason of their frivolities, her own sterling merits might buy them off—as the ten righteous men who were *not* to be found in Sodom might have ransomed that guilty population.

Elizabeth had been busy painting a little bit of still-life—an overripe peach and a handful of pansies and mulberry leaves lying loosely scattered at the base of Mr. Luttrell's Venetian claret-jug. She had gone steadily on with her work, laying on little dabs of transparent color with a quick, light touch, and not vouchsafing any expression of interest in the discussion of Mr. Forde's peculiarities.

"He's very good-looking," Diana said, meditatively. "Don't you think so, Lizzie? You're an authority upon curates."

Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders, and answered, in her most indifferent tone,

"Tolerably. He has rather a good forehead."

"Rather good!" exclaimed Gertrude, grind-

ing industriously across an expanse of calico with her cutting-out scissors. "He has the forehead of an apostle."

"How do you know that? You never saw an apostle," cried Blanche, from the window, with her favorite line of argument. "And as for the pictures we see of them, that's all humbug, for there were no photographers in Judæa."

"Come in-doors, Blanche, and write a German exercise," said Gertrude. "It's too bad to stand out there all the morning, idling away your time."

"And spoiling your complexion into the bargain," added Diana. "What a tawny little wretch you are becoming!"

"I don't care two straws about my complexion, and I'm not going to cramp my hand with that horrid German!"

"Think of the privilege of being able to read Schiller in the original!" said Gertrude, solemnly.

"I don't think much of it; for I never see you read him, though you do pride yourself on your German," answered the flippant Blanche. And then they went back to Mr. Forde, and discussed his eyes and his forehead over again, not arriving at any very definite expression of opinion at the last, and Elizabeth holding her ideas in reserve.

"I don't think this one will be quite like the rest, Liz," said Diana, significantly.

"What do you mean by like the rest?"

"Why, he won't make a fool of himself about you, as Mr. Horton did, with his flute-playing and stuff; and he won't go on like Mr. Dysart; and he won't write sentimental poetry, and languish about all the afternoon spooning at croquet, like little Mr. Adderley. You needn't count upon making a conquest of *him*, Lizzie. He has the ideas of a monk."

"Abelard was destined to become a monk," replied Elizabeth, calmly, "but that did not prevent his falling in love with Eloïse."

"Oh, I dare say you think it will end by his being as weak as the rest. But he told me that he does not approve of a priest marrying—rather rude, wasn't it? when you consider that we should not be in existence if papa had entertained the same opinion."

"I don't suppose we count for much in his grand ideas of religion," answered Elizabeth, a little contemptuously. She had held her small flirtations with previous curates as the merest trifling, but the trifling had been pleasant enough in its way. She had liked the incense. And behold, here was a man who withheld all praise, who had made his own scheme of life—a scheme from which she, Elizabeth Luttrell, was excluded. It was a new thing for her to find that she counted for nothing in the existence of any young man who knew her.

This conversation took place when Mr. Forde had been at Hawleigh about a month. Time slipped past. Malcolm Forde took the parish in hand with a firm grip, Mr. Luttrell being an easy-going gentleman, quite agreeable to let his curate work as hard as he liked. The two sleepy old churches awoke into new life. Where there had been two services on a Sunday there were now four; where there had been one service on a great church festival there were now five. The dim old aisles bloomed with flowers at Easter and Ascension, at Whitsuntide and Harvest Thanksgiving feast; and the damsels of Hawleigh had new work to do in the decoration of the churches, and in the embroidery of chalice covers and altar cloths.

But it was not in extra services and beautification of the temples alone that Mr. Forde brought about a new aspect of affairs in Hawleigh. The poor were cared for as they had never been cared for before. Almost all the time that the soldier-curate could spare from his public duties he devoted to private ministration. And yet when he did permit himself an afternoon's recreation he came to gypsy tea-drinking or croquet with as fresh an air as if he were a man who lived only for pleasure. Above all, he never preached sermons—out of the pulpit. That was his one merit, Lizzie Luttrell said, in a somewhat disparaging tone.

"His one fault is, to be so unlike the other curates, Liz, and able to resist your blandishments," said Diana, sharply.

Mr. Forde had made himself a favorite with all that household except Elizabeth. The three other girls worshiped him. She rarely mentioned him without a sneer. And yet she was thinking of him this midsummer afternoon, as she sat by the orchard wall trying to read the volume he had recommended; she was thinking of a few grave words in which he had confessed his interest in her; thinking of the dark searching eyes which had looked for one brief moment into her own.

"I really thought I counted for nothing," she said to herself, "he has such off-hand ways, and sets himself so much above other people. I don't think he quite means to be grand; it seems natural to him. He ought to have been a general at least in India, instead of a twopenny-half-penny captain!"

The half hour was soon gone. It was very pleasant to her, that idling in the shadow of the old wall; for the thoughts of her morning's walk were strangely sweet—sweeter than any flatteries that had ever been whispered in her ear. And yet Mr. Forde had not praised her; had, indeed, seemed utterly unconscious of her superiority to other women. His words had been frank and grave and kindly: a little too much like a lecture, perhaps, and yet sweet; for they were the first words in which Malcolm Forde had betrayed the faintest interest in her welfare. And it is a hard thing for a young woman who has been a goddess and an angel in the sight of three consecutive curates to find the fourth as indifferent to her merits as if he were a man of stone.

Yes, he had decidedly lectured her. That is to say, he had spoken a little regretfully of her trivial, wasted life, her neglected opportunities.

"I don't know what you mean by opportunities," she had answered, with a little contemptuous curl of the rosy upper lip. "I can't burst out all at once into a female bishop. As for district visiting, I have really no genius for that kind of thing, and feel myself a useless bore in poor people's houses. I know I have been rather idle about the church embroidery too," she added, with a deprecating air, feeling that here he had cause for complaint.

"I am very anxious that our churches should be made beautiful," he answered, gravely, "and I should think it only natural for you to take a delight in that kind of labor; but I do not consider ecclesiastical embroidery the beginning and end of life. I should like to see you more interested in the poor and in the schools—more interested in your fellow-creatures altogether, in short. I fancy the life you lead at Hawleigh Vicarage among your roses and apple-trees is just a little the life of the lotos-eater:

'All its allotted length of days
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast rooted in the fruitful soil.'

It doesn't do for a responsible being to live that kind of life, you know, leaving no better memory behind than the record of its beauty. I should hardly venture to say so much as this, Miss Luttrell, if I were not warmly interested in you."

The clear, pale face, looking downward with rather a moody air, like the face of a wayward child that can hardly suffer a rebuke, flushed sudden crimson at his last words. To Mr. Forde's surprise—for the interest he had confessed was of a purely priestly kind. But young women are so sensitive, and he was not unused to see his female parishioners blush and tremble a little under the magnetism of his earnest gaze and low, grave voice.

Conscious of that foolish blush, Elizabeth tried to carry off her confusion by a rather flippant laugh.

"You read your Tennyson, you see," she said, "though you lecture me for my idleness. Isn't poetry a kind of lotos-eating?"

"Hardly, I think. I don't consider my duty stern enough to cut me off from all the flowers of life. I should be sorry to moon about with a duodecimo Tennyson in my pocket when I ought to be at work; but when I have a stray half hour I can give myself a little indulgence of that kind."

"You will come to play croquet for an hour this evening, won't you? Gertrude wrote to you yesterday, I think."

"Yes; I must apologize for not answering her note. I shall be most happy to come, if possible. But I have two or three sick people to visit this afternoon, and I am not quite sure of my time. The poor souls cling to one so at the last. They want a friendly hand to grasp on the threshold of the dark valley, and they have some dim notion that we hold the keys of the other world, and can open a door for them and let them through to a better place than they could win for themselves."

"It must be dreadful to see so much of death," said Elizabeth, with a faint shudder.

"Hardly so dreadful as you may suppose. A death-bed develops some of the noblest qualities of a man's nature. I have seen so much unselfish thoughtfulness for others, so much tenderness and love, in the dying. And then for these poor people life has been for the most part so barren, so troubled, it is like passing away from a perpetual struggle to a land that is to be all brightness and rest. If you would only spend more time among your father's parishioners, Miss Luttrell, you would learn much that is worth learning of life and death."

"I couldn't endure it," she answered, shrugging her shoulders impatiently; "I ought never to have been born a parson's daughter. I should do no good, but harm, more likely. The people would see how miserable I thought them, and be all the more discontented with their wretched lots after my visits. I can't act goody-goody as Gertrude does, and make those poor wretches believe that I think it the nicest thing in the world to live in one room, and have hardly bread to eat, and only one blanket between six. It's too dreadful. Six weeks of it would kill me."

Mr. Forde sighed ever so faintly, but said no more. What a poor, selfish, narrow soul this lovely girl's must be! Nature does sometimes enshrine her commonest spirits in these splendid temples. He felt a little disappointed by the girl's selfishness and coldness; for he had imagined that she needed only to be awakened from the happy idleness of a young, joy-loving spirit. He said no more, though they walked side by side as far as St. Mary's, the red, square-towered church at the beginning of the town, and parted with perfect friendliness. Yet the thought of that interview vexed Malcolm Forde all day long.

"I had hoped better things of her," he said to himself. "But of course I sha'n't give up. She is so young, and seems to have a pliant disposition. What a pity that Luttrell has let his daughters grow up just as they please, like the fox-gloves in his hedge!"

In Mr. Forde's opinion those four young women ought to have been trained into a little band of Sisters of Mercy—a pious sisterhood carrying life and light into the dark alleys of Hawleigh. It was not a large place, that western market-town, numbering eleven thousand souls in all; yet there were alleys enough, and moral darkness and poverty and sickness and sorrow enough, to make work for a nunnery of ministering women. Mr. Forde had plenty of district visitors ready to labor for him; but they were for the most part ill-advised and frivolous ministrants, and absorbed more of his time by their need of counsel and supervision than he cared to give them. They were of the weakest order of womanhood, craving perpetual support and assistance, wanting all of them to play the ivy to Mr. Forde's oak; and no oak, however vigorous, could have sustained such a weight of ivy. He had to tell them sometimes, in plainest words, that if they couldn't do their work without continual recourse to him, their work was scarcely worth having. Whereupon the weaker vessels dropped away, admitting in their High-Church slang that they had no "vocation;" that is to say, there was too much bread and too little sack in the business, too much of the poor and not enough of Mr. Forde.

For this reason he liked Gertrude Luttrell, who went about her work in a workman-like way, rarely applied to him for counsel, had her own opinions, and really did achieve some good. It may have been for this reason, and in his desire to oblige Gertrude, that he made a little effort and contrived to play croquet in the vicarage garden on this midsummer evening.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

DID ever the horses in our large cities enjoy a Sabbath of rest until the recent one which was granted them by humanity and prudence? How strange it must have seemed to the much-abused creatures to have a little respite from their weary toil, to find themselves kindly treated, protected from the cold and wet, and carefully fed and tended! The streets looked dull and deserted, it is true; but we fancy the value of the equine race was never more thoroughly appreciated. This strange disease which has rapidly spread all over the country, coining, in its way, most wonderful polysyllables to express its character and violence, has also developed some hitherto latent humanity toward the dumb yet noble animals that serve man so faithfully. An appeal has been made by the woman's branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in Philadelphia, to the presidents and directors of the street railway companies on behalf of the horses. They contend that it is neither just nor humane to deprive them of their weekly day of rest, and request the companies to keep a sufficient number of animals to secure for each one a day of rest in every week; and also to use their endeavors to prevent the excessive overloading of cars which is now so common.

It has always seemed to us that it must be a most unsatisfactory life-labor to heap up gold and silver wherewith to endow colleges, to found hospitals, and to build churches after one is dead. How much more pleasant must it be to use one's wealth intelligently while living—to see with one's own eyes the joy, the happiness, the benefit, which may result from a judicious and generous expenditure of surplus riches! The Columbian College, Washington, is to receive a permanent endowment from Mr. W. W. Corcoran, a wealthy banker of that city, who has already in many ways proved himself a public benefactor. In this connection we may mention that the art collection of Mr. Corcoran—one of the finest in the United States—has been removed to the Fine Arts Building, presented by him to the city of Washington.

The women of Wyoming have their troubles as well as their rights. Not long ago a mother in that progressive Territory being obliged to serve on a jury against her will, took her baby along with her. The child set up such a vigorous protest in court that the juror was excused from serving: in short, the right of the baby to be taken care of was paramount.

The *Bedr* (or "Full Moon") is a new Turkish daily paper, published at Stamboul. It promises to be a political, financial, and literary organ of the more cultivated classes of Turks.

The railroad between Yokohama and Jeddo is to be opened this month with due ceremonies by the Mikado in person. Telegraphic communication is now complete between Yokohama and Nangasaki.

Inasmuch as idleness is a vice, and productive of great unhappiness to those indulging in it, the French Society for the Protection of Animals has suggested the propriety and humanity of requiring dogs to work. There is some difference of opinion on the subject; but generally the members are disposed to regard laziness as bad for dogs as for men.

The celebrated lion of Thorwaldsen at Lucerne was struck during a recent thunder-storm, and one of the forefeet shattered. This monument to the self-sacrificing bravery of the Swiss Guard of Louis XVI. is sculptured from the living rock, and lies in a recess cut in the face of a precipitous cliff, one of the forefeet falling over the edge of the recess.

Tenderloin steak, of which epicures never tire, has at length met a rival in the *Fistulina hepatica*, which grows in Epping Forest, near London. Strange, by-the-way, that it is not cultivated elsewhere. It is a sort of fungus, growing from the oak and other trees, and frequently weighing from four to six pounds. When young, which is the only suitable time to use it, the color is of a purplish-red, and when cut or broken, it distills a copious red juice like beef gravy. When broiled it is said to be scarcely distinguishable from a tender steak; and it has a very slight acid flavor when cooked, which adds considerable piquancy to the dish. This vegetable beefsteak ought to be brought into notice, and have a fair trial from people who like good things to eat.

A good story is told concerning the late King of Sweden. He was an ardent admirer of the fine arts, and himself a fair performer with the brush. On several occasions when he sent his landscapes to the French exhibition the juries were anxious to recognize their merits by offering to the royal artist the first-class medals. This, however, his majesty always persisted in declining, as he did not wish to owe any thing to favor. He was not, however, without anxiety to obtain one of these acknowledgments of distinction, and at one of the recent exhibitions he sent in a picture anonymously. This work failed to attract the favorable notice of the critics. As the time drew near for the distribution of the prizes his majesty, overcome by impatience and concern, wrote to the president of the jury an autograph letter, in which he announced his intention of never painting any more, and recommended to the consideration of the jury the picture, which he said was the work of a *protégé*. A few days later the king received a letter from the president expressing his regret that the jury could not entertain the claims of his *protégé*, and adding, "The work on which we have had to pronounce judgment makes us regret the brush of your majesty."

A story is related of an intelligent cat belonging to a lady, who owned also a pet canary-bird which she sometimes allowed to fly about the room. On one occasion, the window being open, the bird made its escape, and flew into a neighboring garden. The lady, followed by her favorite puss, went in search, and vainly tried to catch it, or induce it to return through the open window. Puss soon comprehended the situation, and crouching and creeping cautiously, feline-like, made a spring, and caught it. There is nothing surprising in the story thus far. But, instead of devouring poor Dickey, puss gently brought the bird in-doors and placed it in the hands of her mistress, who was both astonished and delighted to find scarcely a feather injured.

Homeopathists can not compete with one M. Davaine, who recently read a startling paper before the French Academy of Medicine. He described various experiments he had made by the subcutaneous injection of blood derived from an animal poisoned by putrefied blood. He performed twenty-five series of experiments on rabbits and guinea-pigs, thus finding that the virus acquires increased intensity of power and activity by passing through the animal organism. This becomes so tremendous that, to quote M. Davaine's language, "the blood of the rabbit killed by the ten-millionth part of a drop was injected into five rabbits in doses of one-hundred-millionth, the billionth, the ten-billionth, the one-hundred-billionth, and the *trillionth of a drop*. All died within twenty-five hours." The mathematical calculation involved in ascertaining exactly how much a "trillionth of a drop" is must be something wonderful.

Centranthus macrosiphon, which has been cultivated in Europe only for the sake of its handsome rose-colored flowers, now advances a claim to be considered a really good material for salad. It appears to combine all the properties of the corn-salad, so popular with the Parisians, with a peculiar slight bitterness, which imparts a distinct and agreeable flavor.

The Indians of the "Central Superintendency" have during the past four years made great advance in the arts of civilization. In spite of various adverse circumstances, statistics show that many tribes have gone steadily forward, cultivating farms, building houses, raising cattle, and pursuing the various industries of civilized life. Immense sums of money have been expended during the last half century in wars with the Indians. There is sound wisdom in giving them such true ideas of the value of education, industry, and wealth as shall lead them to adopt quiet and peaceable lives.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN illustration of Irish simplicity is afforded by the reply of a young candidate for the office of teacher. The examiner was endeavoring to elicit the candidate's idea on the market value of labor, with reference to demand and supply; but, being baffled, the examiner put a question in this simple form: "If there are in your village two shoe-makers, with just sufficient employment to enable them to live tolerably, and no more, what would follow if a third shoe-maker set up in the same village?" "What would follow? Well, Sir," said the candidate, "why, a fight to be sure!" which was likely enough, but it was not the reply looked for.

The greatest nutmeg ever known met with a grater.

A school-master, on being asked what was meant by the word *fortification*, answered, "Two twentifications make a fortification."

A tired-out editor says that the sermons of a neighboring clergyman remind him very forcibly of eternity.

A St. Louis maiden explains that "Dolly Varden was a character in Thackeray's play of the *Terrible Temptation*." Thanks, dear.

Are people who attend hops naturally fond of ale?

When you see an old gentleman of sixty on a clear bright day carrying a blue cotton umbrella, tied tightly about the waist with a shoe-string—the umbrella tied, not the old gentleman—you may look out for rain before night, but the probabilities are that you will not see it.

MAN OVER-BORED—An editor.

"Well, Pat, Jim didn't quite kill you with the brick-bat, did he?" "No, but I wish he had." "Why so?" "So that I could have seen him hung, the villain!"

"You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar who asked for alms. "I asked you for what I thought you had the most of," was the reply.

A JEWEL OF AN UNCLE—A carb-uncle.

A gentleman recently bought a plaster cast of the Venus of Milo, and, having paid for it, desired that it might be forwarded to his address. The following day, having to leave home early, he said to his servant, "John, in the course of the day a statue that I have bought will be delivered here. Place it in the drawing-room." On his return in the evening he inquired whether the statue had arrived. "Yes, Sir," replied John; "they brought a great figure in plaster, but I would not take it in." "And why?" "Good gracious, Sir, it had two broken arms; and I knew you would have said I had broken them!"

What is the oldest woman's club?—The broomstick.

An orator lately said to his audience, "I am speaking for the benefit of posterity," when some one shouted, "Yes, and if you don't get through soon they'll be here!"

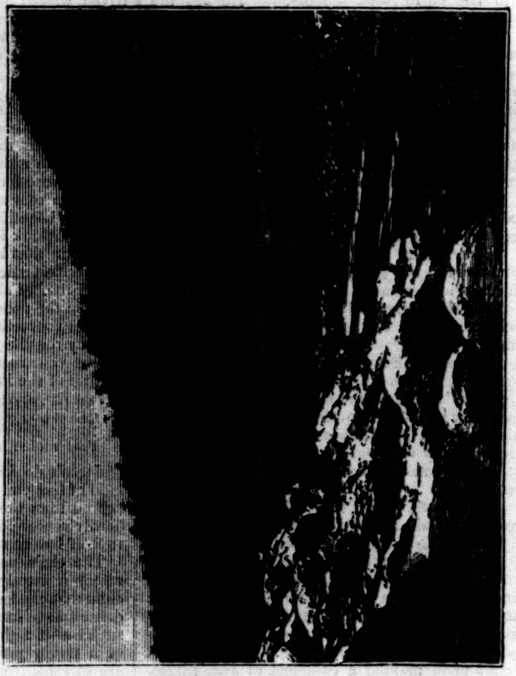
A VENERABLE PILE—The old carpet in a bachelor's bedroom.

An inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

What key unlocks the doors of misery?—Whis-*key*.

A recently married man in Franklin County, Massachusetts, coming home rather late the other night, took an umbrella from the rack in the hall and proceeded to his room. The grieved and indignant wife opened her eyes, and seeing her husband supporting himself by the foot-board with one hand and holding an umbrella spread over his head with the other, cried in astonishment, "What are you doing? Are you crazy?" "No," said he, in an unsteady voice, "but—hic—I supposed there'd be a storm—hic—and so I've come prepared for it."

NATIVE OF SIKKIM.



CANE SUSPENSION-BRIDGE OVER THE GREAT RUNJEET.

CINCHONA SUCCIRUBRA, THIRTY FEET HIGH.

FOOT-BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER RUNGEET.

BUTTRESS OF SUSPENSION-BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER TEESTAH.

QUININE CULTURE.—THE CINCHONA PLANTATIONS AT DARJEELING, BENGAL.—[See Page 917.]

"THE YOUNG ARTIST."—[FROM THE PAINTING BY C. BAUERLE.]

"THE YOUNG ARTIST."

ENGLISH painters at one time excelled in the art of painting children, as our readers know from many exquisite engravings from the works of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS and Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE which are to be found in this country. Among our own artists who have won distinction in this department of painting may be named HENRY INMAN and THOMAS SULLY, both deceased, WILLIAM O. STONE, and GEORGE A. BAKER, whose portraits of children challenge comparison with the best work of their European contemporaries. CHENY's crayon drawings of children are also most exquisite productions.

Of late years this department of art has been somewhat neglected in England, Mr. MILLAIS, for example, having deserted children in favor of celebrated engineers and contractors, and Mr. SANT having also done little in this line since his earlier successes. But very recently Mr. C. BAUERLE has come into notice by his beautiful child portraiture, and paintings in which the figures of children are introduced with appropriate accessories. An engraving from one of his later works is given on this page. It shows that Mr. BAUERLE possesses the power—and it is a very rare power—of painting pictures of children which shall look like children, and yet at the same time shall be valuable as works of art.

QUININE CULTURE.

IT has often been asserted that there is evidence of benevolent design in the distribution of natural productions, and that the maladies incidental to any given region are most effectively dealt with by the use of those remedies which the country itself affords. The trees of the cinchona family furnish a notable exception. They are indigenous only in certain parts of South America, while the malarious fevers which their alkaloids alone can conquer are not by any means confined to those districts, or even to that continent. The terrible scourge known in this country as "fever and ague" is not only general throughout the South and West, but prevails in many localities in the Eastern and Middle States, and in Europe and India. The only known specific is quinine; and our readers will be interested in the story of its discovery, and the measures adopted to cultivate in other lands the tree from the bark of which it is made.

The trees sometimes attain a great magnitude in South America; but as an after-growth springs from their roots when they have been felled, they often appear only as large shrubs. They are all evergreens, and the flowers, which in some kinds are white and in others purplish, are very fragrant, and resemble those of lilac or privet The bark is known by various names—Peru-

vian bark, Jesuits' bark, China, quina, quinquina, cinchona bark, etc. With regard to the discovery of its medicinal virtues, tradition affirms that the natives of Peru had for ages been in the habit, when sick, of drinking the water of a bitter stream, until at last some curious person discovered that this water derived its quality from the bark of a certain tree, the trunks of which were washed by the current. This being known, to make a decoction of the bark was of course a simple method, and in most cases more convenient than going to the river to drink. The name Cinchona was given to the genus by LINNÆUS in compliment to the Countess del Cinchon, the wife of a Spanish viceroy of Peru, who, in 1639, first carried it to Europe. The Jesuit missionaries afterward carried it to Rome, and thus it acquired the name of Jesuits' bark. It was also called DE LUGO's powder, after a cardinal of that name, who was particularly active in recommending and distributing it. It attained great celebrity in Spain and Italy, but, curiously enough, the Protestants would have nothing to do with it. Falling, however, into disuse in Europe, it was again brought into notice by Sir ROBERT TALBOR or TALBOT, who introduced it into England in 1682, and soon became famous for the cures he effected by its means. The new remedy was adopted by the most celebrated physicians of the age, and its use soon after became general, in spite of the opposition of the medical faculty in France.

The illustrations on page 916 were taken at a very successful plantation of cinchona-trees in India, where the British government is taking measures to promote their cultivation. It is situated at Darjeeling, in British Sikkim, on the sides of the Himalayas. There, in a beautiful valley, thousands of feet above the sea-level, the cultivator nurtures the healing plant. The vale is so completely shut in that the air where the cinchona grows is rarely stirred even by the gentlest breeze. Frost is unknown, and hail-storms alone injure the thin, broad leaves of the trees, which flourish in long belts of verdure, as carefully watched and tended as children.

The work was originated a few years ago, but great difficulty was at first experienced in obtaining seeds or young plants, the South Americans being unwilling to part with their monopoly of the drug. By perseverance, however, the materials for a plantation were at length procured, and after some experiments to ascertain the requirements of the tree and the conditions most likely to develop its medicinal properties, a number of plantations were established in different parts of India, under the direction of the superintendent of the Botanical Gardens at Calcutta.

The discovery of the alkaloids on which its properties mainly depend was a new era in the history of this medicine, and did not take place until the beginning of the present century. The chief active principle is quinine, the quantity varying in different specimens from three to four per cent. Quinine is very insoluble in water, and is therefore generally used in the form of sulphate or disulphate, which dissolves readily in alcohol and water, and is prescribed in almost all the cases to which the bark was supposed to be applicable, the use of the bark itself being almost entirely discontinued.

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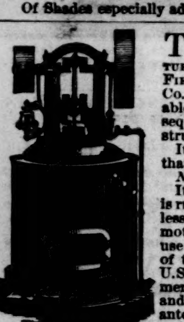

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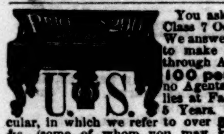

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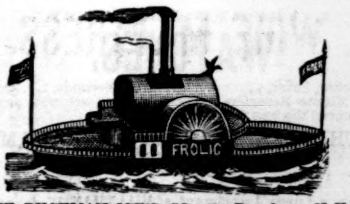

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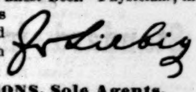

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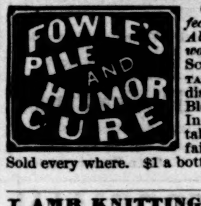

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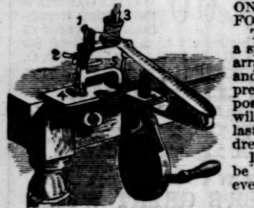
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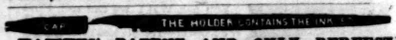

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CHAPTER VII.

THE END OF THE OLD LIFE.

I DID not attach any importance to Katie's suspicions after a fair amount of consideration had been bestowed upon them. They were unlikely; more, they were unreal and dramatic. If there were a mystery in my father's life and about his incarceration in Holloway Prison—if there remained something still to explain in order to render past illusions less conflicting with the sober truth which had confronted me in England—there was no reconciling the past or present with his innocence. I had believed in him against all the facts, even against the history of his trial in the newspapers which I had procured, but facing him behind the wire grating, and listening to his poor excuses, I had lost faith forever in his honesty. My father had confessed to taking the money; he had said nothing of a plot against him, and had only deplored that pitiless justice which would not overlook his crime in consideration for long years of service. How was it possible to believe in a plot against my father after his own confession, or to see treachery or malevolence in the actions of his employers?

Katie had jumped too rapidly to her own conclusions; but she was an impulsive girl, who judged quickly. She had taken her cue from a weak old man's maunderings, and from Abel Westmair's strange selection of me, and her dramatic instincts had sketched out a plot from them. When I could only see a wish of Abel Westmair's to constitute me his child's governess, for his child's sake, she was vexed for a while. She shrugged her shoulders, and said, "Have it your own way, Faith." She was not fond of argument, especially with so obstinate a young woman as she was inclined to consider her sister.

But she argued with me, for all that, on the advantages to myself of accepting the post, and of the folly of a false pride that would hold back from an offer so pecuniarily advantageous to me. She alluded no more to her suspicions, or my duty to fight the Kirby battles and make sure that no foul play had been practiced against the family; she changed her line of reasoning, and regarded the offer that had been made me in a more practical light. I wavered. After a while a deeper consideration of the position seemed to render the post less onerous and more advantageous; a hundred motives seemed to impel me to acceptance, and there was nothing but my pride to hold me back. Katie urged me to accept it. If she were tired of me and of my watch of her, or if she saw in my acceptance a chance to abandon her own profession and rely on me still more, the reason for going to Broomfield seemed equally urgent. I must be independent of Katie for my own sake, or for hers; perhaps I had occupied too long a false position, and been indebted too long to Katie's care of me. I had not considered the matter closely until then; I knew how I should have acted had it been my lucky fate to have shielded my sister from the world, and how, at least, I should have prided myself in sheltering her, and have never, never grown tired of my task. For, oh, I loved Katie very much: I knew the good that was in her, and in any harm I did not believe.

To be able to free her from this life in time—almost at once—to see, perhaps, a future opportunity for her to imitate my own course, and leave her vain and shallow world forever. Any thing to be quit of this life, I had always thought; and service even in Abel Westmair's house was neither derogatory nor cowardly.

It was possible that Katie gave the final turn to my decision. Mr. Westmair, with an ignorance of prison rules, had suggested my consulting my father on the question.

"It is not possible in the time," I said to Katie.

"No. But I can answer for father."

"You?"

"Yes. He has no false pride about the matter. He would say, 'Take the post, and thank the donor for me.'"

"What makes you think that?"

"When I saw father at Holloway," Katie replied, "he asked what you were doing, and seemed distressed at your troubles. 'She is not fit to battle with the world; she has such odd notions, and so few ideas," he said. 'Why doesn't she ask the Westmairs if they can do any thing for her? Considering all things, it is possible that they might.'"

"He said that?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not tell me before?"

"It was not worth mentioning," she answered; "and the less said about the prison or about the Westmairs the better. Who was to have seen this stroke of luck advancing to you, Faith?"

"Right. Who was?"

"And it *is* a stroke of luck."

"Yes—perhaps the last."

"Then take it."

"And you? What will you do?"

"I am with you when it is safely secured. When you can take care of me," she said, holding both her hands toward me, as if in ratification of her old promise.

"Then I will go."

I could have shed tears at the thought of parting with her so soon and suddenly. But Katie's manner kept the tears from welling over. She laughed, clapped her hands, and told me I had acted wisely; that all was well, and all was brightening about our lives from that day. And it was that belief—and despite my miserable feelings—which kept me strong.

I wrote to Mr. Westmair at Broomfield accepting the appointment that had been offered me, and by return of post there arrived a letter from my future charge. In it Ettie spoke of her pleasure at my acceptance of the post, "of the weight of suspense which had been removed from her mind," as she oddly phrased it, and of her resolve, unless she heard from me to the contrary, to fetch me in her papa's carriage on the ensuing Wednesday afternoon. It was a well-worded letter for a child of her age, and bore fair testimony to her late governess's knowledge of "sound English," I thought. It was a letter of rejoicing, of which I should have been proud.

"It is a good beginning," said Katie, when she had read the letter also. "The child seems to take to you, unless she has had her instructions from her father, and is as artful as the rest of them."

"Oh, Katie, how unjust!" I cried.

"If we like their wages, that is no reason why we should like these people," my sister said.

"I must try and like those with whom I am going to live."

"I wish success to your efforts," was the reply; "but you will never succeed."

"If I thought so—"

"Yes, I know what you are going to say," she cried, putting her little hand over my mouth, "but let the protest remain unspoken, Faith. These promises to one's self are terribly embarrassing afterward."

The next day was devoted to packing my big box again; to wondering and dreaming over it, as I had done before that day, and with much vain and unprofitable result. What a deal of speculation had evaporated into thin air since I had built my day-dreams over it in Pietermaritzburg! what a contrast to all present wonderings was that box-packing in South Africa! I was going to be a lady then, to keep father's grand house along with Katie. Now I was going into service! It was beginning life afresh in a world of which I knew nothing, and where my sister—a shrewder woman than I—had already intimated that enemies would confront me.

What a miserable day that Tuesday! On the Wednesday I was nervous and dispirited, despite all Katie's efforts to sustain me. My big box had gone, and I was waiting in the afternoon for Miss Westmair to fetch me.

"After all, it is leaving you behind," I said.

"Oh, do not fear; I have always taken care of myself."

"But presently you—"

"Yes, presently I shall escape. If all goes well, that is," she added.

"How I will strive for you and me!" I cried.

"Strive for yourself, and don't worry about me," Katie replied; "I am a cat that comes down on her feet."

"In a new circle I may hear of something that will suit you."

"I don't know what that can be," said Katie, laughing spasmodically. "There must be no hard work therein, no children, no Westmairs, no slow-going, well-to-do respectability to irritate me by its patronage."

"Presently I shall be asked by Mr. Westmair what you are doing," I said.

"Do not tell him or his set any thing about me," cried Katie, with a sudden warmth and even fierceness; "it is not his business—not yours. It will lower you as well as me; it may affect all our after-lives, when we have lived the present down and can face these people. When," she added, almost scornfully, "father has left prison, and become a rich man!"

"What am I to say?"

"That I am a teacher of music. So I am; I expect a pupil or two again. Didn't I tell you?"

"No."

"There's an ambitious young woman at the pastry-cook's in the next street who has determined to take to the music-halls," said Katie. "I am to give her lessons in singing, and in deportment and *style*. She will spend all her savings, or all that she has filched from her master's till, and will fail, the fool!"

"Katie!"

"There, there, never mind me; I am excited to-day; you are going away; and, after all, I have got used to you, and it's not so easy to give up your preachings as I thought it would be."

I remembered these words when I was at Broomfield, and they pained me more then. She went on with increasing volubility and excitement, and I could only follow her words.

"But don't lower me; don't cast dirt at me by speaking of a life which they to whom you are going will regard with aversion," she continued. "They will think the very worst of me, and they have no right to do that. They will say, Another of those Kirbys gone to the bad; and it will oppress your life to see their opinion of me in their self-righteous faces. Don't degrade me, Faith, your own sister."

I was surprised at her excitement, at the shame which she appeared suddenly to feel for that life which heretofore she had defended so successfully against my opinions. I was carried away by her reasoning, and could only see that I *did* lower her by speaking all the truth, that her life concerned herself, and that it was not my place to dwell upon it.

"You may trust me, Katie."

"There's a good girl," she said, kissing me, and the strange, excited demeanor she had exhibited leaving her as suddenly as it had shown itself. "I was afraid that you were going to be overtruthful, and tell every body every thing out of sheer love of general communication." I did not admire her reply, but I did not comment upon it. There was no necessity in this last stage of our lives together to defend myself, to imply even that she had done me an injustice. She did not always mean what she said, poor Katie.

We were still dwelling upon the past and future—as one had been, and as the other never, never would be!—when the door opened softly, and Ettie Westmair stepped into the room, and set my heart beating rapidly. She was like a fate coming in between us, that fair, fragile child who had had the power to change two lives.

"Did you not hear me knock, Miss Kirby?" she said.

"No; I did not," I answered.

"How pale you are! I hope you are not very nervous," she said, regarding me curiously.

"Not very."

"You look as if I had frightened you a little; and I do not wish you ever to be frightened of me."

"Why, you are not very terrible to look at," said Katie, dryly.

"No, not very, I hope," was the laughing answer. Ettie glanced 'round the room, and then said,

"What a pretty little place you have here! But it's a long way up to it."

"Have you had much trouble to find us, Miss Westmair?" Katie inquired.

"Not a great deal."

"For whom did you ask?" Katie said, suddenly, and I saw the old objection to her profession being known apparent on her face again.

"For Miss Kirby. The old lady in the shop said that I should find her up stairs."

"To be sure—to be sure," said Katie, twice.

"Papa said that if you would like to accompany your sister as far as Broomfield, he—"

"No, thank you, Miss Westmair," said Katie, interrupting her very unceremoniously; "I am going to a concert to-night."

"What a strange night to go!" Ettie Westmair remarked, after a few moments' consideration of the position.

"Why?" was my sister's quick rejoinder.

"I—I don't know," the child answered, as she colored somewhat at Katie's peremptory tone; "but I don't think that I should have cared a great deal for a concert on the night my sister was going away for good."

"Not if you were sure that it *was* really for her good," asked Katie—"as this must be?"

Miss Westmair wore a puzzled expression of countenance. Katie's manner perplexed her, and her thoughtful blue eyes were fixed upon my sister, as if in a vain endeavor to read her character by careful scrutiny.

"Not even if it were for her good," she said at last, in reply, "for that could not make any difference in my regrets at losing her."

"I haven't time to feel regret. If it's for her good, I am very glad," cried Katie.

My sister seemed excited in the last moments before parting, but she shook her head when I charged her with a want of her usual self-command.

"Don't be foolish, Faith," she said, in a whisper to me. "I'm very cool, and my pulse beats steadily. The world is not going to end because you are going to Teddington."

She laughed as she uttered these last words, but as she kissed me in parting, I was sure that her lips were quivering as with pain.

"ABEL WESTMAIR'S FATHER TOOK MY HAND IN BOTH HIS OWN."

The moment had come to say good-by. I was not as strong-minded as I should have been in the presence of a third person—who kindly had the discretion to look out of the window, and feign an interest in the street below—and when my arms were round my younger sister I trembled very much. It was leaving her alone in the world once more, and in those last moments I could imagine her weaker and less stable than myself, one who required my support and guidance. I seemed suddenly to lose my consciousness of her own strength and her fitness to battle with the world.

"Come to me soon. Think of me working for the new home. Keep strong, Katie, for both our sakes."

Her arms tightened round me, and I was glad to see that there were tears in her eyes as well as mine.

"And whatever happens, forgive me, and think it was for the best," she whispered.

"What?"

"Don't look scared. Who can tell what may happen in a life as uncertain as mine is, dear?" she cried. "There, good-by."

But I could not leave her like this. I looked steadily into her eyes as I held her a little way from my embrace.

"Katie, is there any thing more to say before I go?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing to tell me?"

"Only"—here she sunk her voice to a lower whisper still—"only," she repeated, "be on your guard against the Westmairs. Watch them; remember how father has been treated by them."

It was strange that her last words should have been part of the old suspicion, which she would have confided to me as a legacy. She had been silent to the very last, too, as if to make her parting words more impressive; and with this doubt between us we said good-by again.

There was no time to reason with her, and she had known that. She was strange and wild, and more of a riddle to me than she had ever been. Was the parting between us harder for her to bear than I had bargained for? had it unsettled her? had she in her heart wished that I should go or stay? It was impossible to say now; it was beyond my comprehension when time had intervened between us, and I was facing my new life. I was an older woman when I understood Katie Kirby more completely—when the truth came foremost in the clear, cold

daylight of my life, and all the clouds about her, and in which I left her that day, were rolled slowly back forever.

Book the Third.

A FRESH START.

CHAPTER I.

BROOMFIELD.

It was the beginning of a new life when I drove away with Ettie Westmair to Teddington. The past was left behind completely. The dark City streets, where I had fought hard with penury and sorrow; the music-hall life, so unlike any existence but its own, and so full of incomprehensibility; the home in Long Acre, that had opened like a haven, and yet where my heart had not known rest; the sister who had made it home, and whose last looks were haunting me as I sat by the child's side, were all atoms of a by-gone time, in which I had taken my share of action, and been forever dissatisfied. I felt that this was a new life, and that the world which I was entering, blindly and timidly, but not distrustfully, would absorb me wholly.

All that long drive to Teddington Miss Westmair maintained a wise silence, strangely at variance with her youth: she seemed to guess that any intrusion on my thoughts would jar upon me, and that it was better to leave me to myself. She understood that I was troubled and bewildered at the change, and though she glanced up wistfully more than once, she did not speak until our drive was nearly at an end, and the quiet little village by the Thames side had been reached.

"Oh dear," she said at last, "that is the longest think that ever I remember. I have watched papa for half an hour at a time without his saying a word; but you think harder than he does, Miss Kirby."

"Perhaps I have harder thoughts just now, Miss Ettie," I replied, with a feeble attempt at a smile.

"About going away and leaving your sister behind you?" she said. "Yes, I understand that, though I never had a sister."

"Where are we?"

"This is Teddington, and that is the short-cut to Bushey Park, where we first met."

"Ah, I remember," I said.

I woke from my dream, and faced my new life steadily. It had begun then.

"Papa's house is about a mile from here; you will see it presently, and the factory beyond it, where all the money comes from."

"Indeed," I added.

"There are two days in the month, you must know, when father has to turn workman—the great Westmair polish days. Oh, it is such fun," cried Ettie, "to see papa in his shirt sleeves, and with his face and hands as black as a tinker."

"Is that necessary?" was my inquiry.

"Yes; grandpapa did it before him; and they must do it after my papa who wish to make money and keep the secret. I can't think *who* will do it, though," she added. "I asked papa two or three days ago if Cousin Martin would not succeed him, and oh, wasn't he cross!"

"Cross with you?"

"He is not very often cross with me, but he was then," she replied. "Cousin Martin was at dinner with us—I suppose that put it into my head—and he turned very red when I began to speak, and got a fish-bone across his throat and coughed dreadfully. Papa only looked at me himself; but I knew that that look meant a long lecture in the library afterward."

"A long lecture concluding with forgiveness."

"Why, of course," said Ettie; "but it was a long lecture, for all that. Papa said that he thought I knew better than to talk of people before people, and that I had given pain to him, as well as to Martin and Aunt Jane."

"Who is Aunt Jane?" I inquired.

"Why, Martin's mamma, to be sure," she replied; "she has kept house for papa some months now."

This was the mother of whom Martin Westmair had spoken in the fog that night of my return to Watling Street—the mother who, he thought, would be of service to me, and whom I had not expected to find at Broomfield. I felt glad of the news; it seemed as if I had one more friend to the good than I had bargained for; and that here was one whom I should like a little to begin with, and grow to love a great deal in good time.

Leaving Teddington behind, we traveled somewhat out of the main road, until the factory, a low, long building of red brick, standing amidst half an acre of dirty barrels, and flanked by out-houses and stablings, was reached and passed, and Broomfield loomed before us at last.

It was an old-fashioned red brick edifice of considerable dimensions, pierced with long and narrow windows framed in stone-work. Not wholly an uncomfortable-looking house, despite its age and the shadow thrown upon it by two gigantic cedars which usurped the foremost place upon the lawn, and were weird and funereal of aspect.

"This is home," cried Ettie; "aren't you glad?"

"I am rather tired," was my evasive answer.

The carriage stopped before the entrance door, the steps were lowered, and we were admitted into a broad and spacious hall, such as modern establishments—the suburban villas of the period—do not often indulge in.

"Is papa at home?" asked the child, eagerly, of the male servant, who stood rigid and upright at the open door.

"Yes, Miss Westmair. He is dressing for dinner."

"Oh dear! then we are late," she cried. "This way, Miss Kirby. I will show you the room which is prepared for you, or"—hesitating—"will you step into the drawing-room, and see my aunt?"

"I will go to my room first," I said, anxious to postpone the hour of introduction, and feeling so very nervous about it that I was vexed at my own want of self-possession.

In my room—a prettily furnished apartment on the first floor, at the end of a long corridor—I told Ettie Westmair that I had dined some hours ago, and that I should feel grateful for a little rest before I descended to the drawing-room and met the family in solemn conclave after dinner. I confessed that I wanted time to compose myself, that I was even "a little flurried;" and Ettie, understanding me, did not press me to adopt any course different to that which I had suggested. She left me to myself, to my new home, and to the thoughts of my new friends. My box had already found its way up stairs, and every thing was ready to my hand—more than every thing, for, to my surprise, I found upon unlocking it three or four of my sister Katie's best silk dresses, which had been placed therein after my own packing had been completed. Katie had imagined that my wardrobe was scanty, and that there would have been much argument over any offer of assistance, and so, with her quick impulse, she had crammed into my box much of her own wearing apparel. There was one gray silk evening dress that she had never worn, and that she had had made, I remember now, very full and very long, as if the slight advantage that I had in height had been considered in the making. I should have shed tears upon it, and spoiled it, had I not hastily closed the lid of my box.

Dear Katie! I was almost too proud to take any of these fine things, but Katie was not by to hear my protest against her liberality.

It was quite an hour and a half after Ettie had left me that I ventured down stairs to the great drawing-room. I did not put on an evening dress for the occasion. I had not the heart or the courage to attempt the experiment of arraying myself in my sister Katie's fine plumage, and I risked any violation of those rules of etiquette which might be in force at Broomfield. I dressed quietly and simply in a high-necked black silk dress—my Uncle Jeffery's favorite dress, by-the-way, wherein a lady always looked a lady, he had once remarked to me. This was not a company day; the Westmairs were at home. "Aunt Jane," sounded nice and homely, and I should be sure to be right in the first step that I took into my new world. I was not quite so certain of that when I had entered the drawing-room and been dazzled by the effulgent costume of a lady seated on a couch at the end of the room. It was the dress that struck me first, and not the woman within it—an evening dress of stiff green silk that was out of harmony with the pale tints of the drawing-room furniture, and absorbed or killed all color but its own. The dress embarrassed me more than its owner as I advanced somewhat nervously toward the lady, who had risen at my entrance.

Ettie was at her side, and it was she who, in her own way, introduced us to each other.

"This is Miss Kirby, aunt. My aunt, Mrs. Westmair, Miss Kirby," she said; and then Mrs. Westmair went though a grave series of salams, which I endeavored to imitate. It was a formal and unpleasant meeting with Aunt Jane, in whom I was disappointed, having expected—Heaven knows why—a rosy-faced, comely, gray-haired, happy-looking woman. That had been my ideal portrait of Aunt Jane, who proved to be a thin, sharp-faced, sallow woman, with a false front: a plain woman who gave herself airs, I might have thought under other circumstances, but I was not going to judge her too quickly, having made up my mind to like Aunt Jane, having already set her down as one of the few friends whom I should make in that house. She did not look disparagingly at my black silk, but it surprised her or interested her before she turned two gray eyes upon me, and regarded me very attentively.

"Will you sit by the fire, Miss Kirby?" she said at last; "the evenings are still cold."

"I am very warm, thank you."

"You will take a cup of tea?" was her next inquiry; and I said, "Thank you," somewhat shyly still, and a man-servant, whom I had not noticed before, stepped from the background with a salver, placed the cup which Mrs. Westmair had filled for me thereon, and brought it to me, along with a transparent slice of bread-and-butter. Having fulfilled his mission, he departed, and I wondered whether that gentleman had been waiting for me all the time that I had been up stairs, and whether he had thought me very slow in coming down.

Perhaps I was behind time, for Aunt Jane's next remark might have had a covert reproof in its midst had I been inclined to take it to myself.

"I should have been glad of half an hour's conversation with you, Miss Kirby, concerning your general duties, but that can be well postponed till the morning now," she said; "the gentlemen will not be long before they join us."

The gentlemen! what gentlemen? Mercy upon me, how many of them would stream into the room presently?

"I—I was not aware that Mr. Westmair had company this evening," I said, with some nervous trepidation manifesting itself.

"Mr. Westmair has no more company this evening," said the lady, "than he has had for the last fortnight. My son Martin is here on a visit, and Mr. Westmair, senior, also, from his son's house in Belgravia. You know the senior Mr. Westmair, I believe?"

I replied that I had had the honor of seeing that gentleman on the Saturday when it had pleased his son to make me an offer of an appointment in his service.

"Ah! yes; he told me so," said Mrs. Westmair; "he was very much struck with you, poor old gentleman."

She sighed a little, and I hardly knew whether to express my satisfaction at the favorable impression I had made in an unlooked-for quarter, or to feel sorry—perhaps with Aunt Jane—that old Mr. Westmair had been so easily impressed.

"Mr. Abel Westmair does not keep much company," continued the lady, with the same odd preciseness of discourse, as though she were measuring out her conversation by the yard, "or take that position in the world to which, considering all things, he is fairly entitled. Society is not his *forte*, I regret to say; and the unlooked-for demise of Mrs. Westmair has tended to years of depression, and taken him, as it were, out of his natural sphere."

I glanced at Ettie. It had not seemed a fitting subject to introduce before the child of the lost wife; but Ettie did not appear to have heard the remarks. She was turning over the leaves of an album, and seemed to be paying no heed to our discourse.

"You must not regard this week or the next, Miss Kirby, as a sample of life at Broomfield," Aunt Jane continued. "My dear son Martin gives that lightness to the place that it does not naturally possess, and brightens us in every way. Old Mr. Westmair plays the piano, too, beautifully, and we are at present positively gay. You must be prepared—and I hope that you have been in every way prepared—for a dull, prosaic, *unyouthful* life. There will be much monotony and care, and a rigid exercise of duties that may not be always to your taste, and I hope that you will submit to the position, and take your coloring from it. It is what may frankly be termed a dull house."

I was about to remark that I had not entered it anticipating any pleasure, and that my youth and its surroundings had been dull enough to give me tone and coloring already for the life which she foreshadowed, when Ettie startled both of us by closing the book and beating her little right hand emphatically upon its cover.

"It isn't a dull house, Aunt Jane; it is *not* a dull house, Miss Kirby," she cried, with no small excitement; "it is only a quiet home, which you will learn to like. You," addressing her aunt, "must not set Miss Kirby against us before she has made the trial for herself. The new governess is of my choosing this time, and you shall see what I will make of her."

"My dear Esther, I am not setting Miss Kirby against any thing or any one," cried Aunt Jane, greatly shocked by her niece's sudden exhibition of temper; "that is a very grave charge to make against me, and for which you will be as sorry as myself in a few moments. You should correct yourself a little more, my dear, and not dash recklessly into conversation without having paid attention to all that has been previously said."

"I have heard every word, aunt."

"Heaven forbid that I should attempt in any way to prejudice Miss Kirby against a quiet and religious home, a Christian master, or the good friends that she will find here. You have utterly mistaken me, Ettie. Miss Kirby is very young," she continued. "Miss Kirby may have mixed in society, may have come from a light and cheerful home, and I thought it not wanting in my duty to prepare her for the peaceful but grave life which she will encounter here."

"Well, aunt, as you only meant all that, I'm very sorry," said Ettie, quaintly. "But my poor governess was becoming terribly frightened at your description. There, forgive me."

And before Mrs. Westmair was prepared for it Ettie had launched herself from her chair into her aunt's arms, and kissed her, taking the false front unawares, and knocking it askew.

"My darling Ettie, I wish you would be a little less impulsive," said Mrs. Westmair, setting herself hastily to rights. "Miss Kirby must try and alter this a little; if she is not very strict, what will become of you when you grow up?"

"But I'm not likely to grow up, auntie," cried the child, with the same outspokenness which had startled me on a previous occasion, "and therefore Miss Kirby will not take too much trouble about that. Why, do you know, Aunt Jane, that I believe Miss Kirby understands me better already than that nasty, disagreeable thing with her nose on one side whom you found for me and stuck here? Oh, I do hate ugly women so!" cried Ettie.

"Miss Mackintyre could not help her looks, child," said Aunt Jane, reprovingly; "they were what Providence had endowed her with, and she was grateful."

"I don't think that I should be very grateful if Providence broke my nose," said Ettie, very thoughtfully.

This was certainly a singular child, who had been oddly trained, or had odd ideas that had resisted training. Mrs. Westmair flung up her hands in amazement, and looked at me as much as to say, "You perceive what a child you have got to manage—what is before you, poor creature;" and then she turned with the intention of administering another lecture to her niece on the indecorous character of her discourse, when the door opened, and the three Westmairs entered upon the scene. I put my cup and saucer aside on a little coffee-table, and rose to do them reverence. It was my duty, I presumed, and I did not rise reluctantly or with too much sense of my dependence on their favors. I forgot that they were three of my father's enemies. They were in evening dress, and the formality of all this puzzled me—the middle classes certainly not arraying themselves in purple and fine linen for every-day dinner wear. They were three fair specimens of English gentlemen—the dark-skinned Abel Westmair prouder and graver and stiffer-limbed than the two by whom he was accompanied. He was the first to welcome me to Broomfield, though he did not smile in any degree over his greeting. He shook hands, and regarded me for a few minutes with a steady scrutiny, and as a kind of curiosity that had fallen in his way.

"I thank you for coming, Miss Kirby," he condescended even to say; then he bowed in an old-fashioned manner over my hand, relinquished it, and took a seat by the side of his daughter, with whom he entered into conversation. While Aunt Jane poured out the tea for the gentlemen, and the servant reappeared to wait upon them, Martin Westmair and Abel's father shook hands with me in turn, each expressing after his fashion his pleasure at meeting me at Broomfield.

"I am very glad to find you here," said Martin, taking the chair that was vacant by my side; "it is a stroke of luck which I shall make the most of. After all," he added, with a laughing glance in his great brown eyes, "you will not find us such terrible ogres."

"Have I ever said that you were?" I rejoined.

"No, but you have looked it; and there have been some sharp words between us by way of reminiscences. I have to apologize presently for mine."

I remembered our meeting at the door of the Hall of Harmony, and blushed at the recollection. I hastened to say,

"I hope we shall never speak of the past, Mr. Westmair."

"It may be as well," he replied. "I hate the past myself."

He spoke as if he meant what he said, and I was wondering what his past was like, when Abel Westmair's father took my hand in both his own and began shaking it up and down with unnecessary vigor. He smiled very much, and puckered his face into hundreds of creases, and exploded into little double knocks of laughter in his extreme and unwarrantable satisfaction at encountering me again.

"This is a pleasure to see you; we have been waiting most anxiously, I assure you. Dear, dear, dear, how happy I feel to think that you are among us at last, child!"

I saw the tears swimming in his eyes, which were very weak, like his poor time-shaken head. It was altogether a strange and genial welcome. It is a vivid picture which rises before me even now as I write. The tall, white-haired old man clinging to my hand; the handsome young one sitting near me; the dark, sedate being, unbending somewhat in his child's presence, and with his child's arms about his neck; and the sallow woman in the background, watching me—I felt that she scarcely took her eyes from me on that first night of my advent—from over her silver tea-service, and amidst the glare of her green silk, and the green satin bow in her false hair. This was home, then!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

BOOK V.

THE DEAD HAND.

CHAPTER LI.—(*Continued.*)

When Mr. Brooke presented himself on the balcony, the cheers were quite loud enough to counterbalance the yells, groans, brayings, and other expressions of adverse theory, which were so moderate that Mr. Standish (decidedly an old bird) observed in the ear next to him, "This looks dangerous, by God! Hawley has got some deeper plan than this." Still the cheers were exhilarating, and no candidate could look more amiable than Mr. Brooke, with the memorandum in his breast pocket, his left hand on the rail of the balcony, and his right trifling with his eyeglass. The striking points in his appearance were his buff waistcoat, short-clipped blonde hair, and neutral physiognomy. He began with some confidence.

"Gentlemen—Electors of Middlemarch!"

This was so much the right thing that a little pause after it seemed natural.

"I'm uncommonly glad to be here—I was never so proud and happy in my life—never so happy, you know."

This was a bold figure of speech, but not exactly the right thing; for, unhappily, the pat opening had slipped away—even couplets from Pope may be but "fallings from us, vanishings," when fear clutches us, and a glass of sherry is hurrying like smoke among our ideas. Ladislaw, who stood at the window behind the speaker, thought, "It's all up now. The only chance is that, since the best thing won't always do, floundering may answer for once." Mr. Brooke, meanwhile, having lost other clews, fell back on himself and his qualifications—always an appropriate graceful subject for a candidate.

"I am a close neighbor of yours, my good friends—you've known me on the bench a good while—I've always gone a good deal into public questions—machinery, now, and machine-breaking—you're many of you concerned with machinery, and I've been going into that lately. It won't do, you know, breaking machines: every thing must go on—trade, manufactures, commerce, interchange of staples—that kind of thing—since Adam Smith, that must go on. We must look all over the globe—'Observation with extensive view,' must look every where, 'from China to Peru,' as somebody says—Johnson, I think, *The Rambler*, you know. That is what I have done up to a certain point—not as far as Peru; but I've not always staid at home—I saw it wouldn't do. I've been in the Levant, where

some of your Middlemarch goods go—and then, again, in the Baltic. The Baltic, now."

Plying among his recollections in this way, Mr. Brooke might have got along easily to himself, and would have come back from the remotest seas without trouble, but a diabolical procedure had been set up by the enemy. At one and the same moment there had risen above the shoulders of the crowd, nearly opposite Mr. Brooke, and within ten yards of him, the effigy of himself; buff-colored waistcoat, eyeglass, and neutral physiognomy, painted on rag; and there had arisen, apparently in the air, like the note of the cuckoo, a parrot-like, Punch-voiced echo of his words. Every body looked up at the open windows in the houses at the opposite angles of the converging streets, but they were either blank or filled by laughing listeners. The most innocent echo has an impish mockery in it when it follows a gravely persistent speaker, and this echo was not at all innocent; if it did not follow with the precision of a natural echo, it had a wicked choice of the words it overtook. By the time it said, "The Baltic, now," the laugh which had been running through the audience became a general shout, and but for the sobering effects of party and that great public cause which the entanglement of things had identified with "Brooke of Tipton," the laugh might have caught his committee. Mr. Bulstrode asked, reprehensively, what the new police was doing; but a voice could not well be collared, and an attack on the effigy of the candidate would have been too equivocal, since Hawley probably meant it to be pelted.

Mr. Brooke himself was not in a position to be quickly conscious of any thing except a general slipping away of ideas within himself: he had even a little singing in the ears, and he was the only person who had not yet taken distinct account of the echo, or discerned the image of himself. Few things hold the perceptions more thoroughly captive than anxiety about what we have got to say. Mr. Brooke heard the laughter; but he had expected some Tory efforts at disturbance, and he was at this moment additionally excited by the tickling, stinging sense that his lost exordium was coming back to fetch him from the Baltic.

"That reminds me," he went on, thrusting a hand into his side-pocket with an easy air, "if I wanted a precedent, you know—but we never want a precedent for the right thing—but there is Chatham, now: I can't say I should have supported Chatham, or Pitt, the younger Pitt—he was not a man of ideas, and we want ideas, you know."

"Blast your ideas! we want the Bill," said a loud rough voice from the crowd below.

Immediately the invisible Punch, who had hitherto followed Mr. Brooke, repeated, "Blast your ideas! we want the Bill." The laugh was louder than ever, and for the first time Mr. Brooke, being himself silent, heard distinctly the mocking echo. But it seemed to ridicule his interrupter, and in that light was encouraging; so he replied, with amenity,

"There is something in what you say, my good friend, and what do we meet for but to speak our minds—freedom of opinion, freedom of the press, liberty—that kind of thing? The Bill, now—you shall have the Bill"—here Mr. Brooke paused a moment to fix on his eyeglass and take the paper from his breast pocket, with a sense of being practical and coming to particulars. The invisible Punch followed:

"You shall have the Bill, Mr. Brooke, per electioneering contest, and a seat outside Parliament as delivered, five thousand pounds, seven shillings, and fourpence."

Mr. Brooke, amidst the roars of laughter, turned red, let his eyeglass fall, and looking about him confusedly, saw the image of himself, which had come nearer. The next moment he saw it dolorously bespattered with eggs. His spirit rose a little, and his voice too.

"Buffoonery, tricks, ridicule the test of truth—all that is very well"—here an unpleasant egg broke on Mr. Brooke's shoulder, as the echo said, "All that is very well;" then came a hail of eggs, chiefly aimed at the image, but occasionally hitting the original, as if by chance. There was a stream of new men pushing among the crowd; whistles, yells, bellowings, and fifes made all the greater hubbub because there was shouting and struggling to put them down. No voice would have had wing enough to rise above the uproar, and Mr. Brooke, disagreeably anointed, stood his ground no longer. The frustration would have been less exasperating if it had been less gamesome and boyish: a serious assault of which the newspaper reporter "can aver that it endangered the learned gentleman's ribs," or can respectfully bear witness to "the soles of that gentleman's boots having been visible above the railing," has perhaps more consolations attached to it.

Mr. Brooke re-entered the committee-room, saying, as carelessly as he could, "This is a little too bad, you know. I should have got the ear of the people by-and-by—but they didn't give me time. I should have gone into the Bill by-and-by, you know," he added, glancing at Ladislaw. "However, things will come all right at the nomination."

But it was not resolved unanimously that things would come right; on the contrary, the committee looked rather grim, and the political personage from Brassing was writing busily, as if he were brewing new devices.

"It was Bowyer who did it," said Mr. Standish, evasively. "I know it as well as if he had been advertised. He's uncommonly good at ventriloquism, and he did it uncommonly well, by God! Hawley has been having him to dinner lately: there's a fund of talent in Bowyer."

"Well, you know, you never mentioned him to me, Standish, else I would have invited him to dine," said poor Mr. Brooke, who had gone through a great deal of inviting for the good of his country.

"There's not a more paltry fellow in Middlemarch than Bowyer," said Ladislaw, indignantly, "but it seems as if the paltry fellows were always to turn the scale."

Will was thoroughly out of temper with himself as well as with his "principal," and he went to shut himself in his rooms with a half-formed resolve to throw up the *Pioneer* and Mr. Brooke together. Why should he stay? If the impassable gulf between himself and Dorothea were ever to be filled up, it must rather be by his going away and getting into a thoroughly different position than by his staying here and slipping into deserved contempt as an understrapper of Brooke's. Then came the young dream of wonders that he might do—in five years, for example: political writing, political speaking, would get a higher value now public life was going to be wider and more national, and they might give him such distinction that he would not seem to be asking Dorothea to step down to him. Five years: if he could only be sure that she cared for him more than for others; if he could only make her aware that he stood aloof until he could tell his love without lowering himself—then he could go away easily, and begin a career which at five-and-twenty seemed probable enough in the inward order of things, where talent brings fame, and fame every thing else which is delightful. He could speak and he could write; he could master any subject if he chose, and he meant always to take the side of reason and justice, on which he would carry all his ardor. Why should he not one day be lifted above the shoulders of the crowd, and feel that he had won that eminence well? Without doubt he would leave Middlemarch, go to town, and make himself fit for celebrity by "eating his dinners."

But not immediately: not until some kind of sign had passed between him and Dorothea. He could not be satisfied until she knew why, even if he were the man she would choose to marry, he would not marry her. Hence he must keep his post and bear with Mr. Brooke a little longer.

But he soon had reason to suspect that Mr. Brooke had anticipated him in the wish to break up their connection. Deputations without and voices within had concurred in inducing that philanthropist to take a stronger measure than usual for the good of mankind—namely, to withdraw in favor of another candidate, to whom he left the advantages of his canvassing machinery. He himself called this a strong measure, but observed that his health was less capable of sustaining excitement than he had imagined.

"I have felt uneasy about the chest—it won't do to carry that too far," he said to Ladislaw, in explaining the affair. "I must pull up. Poor Casaubon was a warning, you know. I've made some heavy advances, but I've dug a channel. It's rather coarse work—this electioneering, eh, Ladislaw? I dare say you are tired of it. However, we have dug a channel with the *Pioneer*—put things in a track, and so on. A more ordinary man than you might carry it on now—more ordinary, you know."

"Do you wish me to give it up?" said Will, the quick color coming in his face, as he rose from the writing-table, and took a turn of three steps with his hands in his pockets. "I am ready to do so whenever you wish it."

"As to wishing, my dear Ladislaw, I have the highest opinion of your powers, you know. But about the *Pioneer*, I have been consulting a little with some of the men on our side, and they are inclined to take it into their hands—indemnify me to a certain extent—carry it on, in fact. And under the circumstances, you might like to give up—might find a better field. These people might not take that high view of you which I have always taken, as an *alter ego*, a right hand—though I always looked forward to your doing something else. I think of having a run into France. But I'll write you any letters, you know—to Althorpe and people of that kind. I've met Althorpe."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you," said Ladislaw, proudly. "Since you are going to part with the *Pioneer*, I need not trouble you about the steps I shall take. I may choose to continue here for the present."

After Mr. Brooke had left him Will said to himself, "The rest of the family have been urging him to get rid of me, and he doesn't care now about my going. I shall stay as long as I like. I shall go of my own movement, and not because they are afraid of me."

CHAPTER LII.

"His heart
The lowliest duties on itself did lay."
—WORDSWORTH.

ON that June evening when Mr. Farebrother knew that he was to have the Lowick living there was joy in the old-fashioned parlor, and even the portraits of the great lawyers seemed to look on with satisfaction. His mother left her tea and toast untouched, but sat with her usual pretty primness, only showing her emotion by that flush in the cheeks and brightness in the eyes which give an old woman a touching momentary identity with her far-off youthful self, and saying, decisively,

"The greatest comfort, Camden, is that you have deserved it."

"When a man gets a good berth, mother, half the deserving must come after," said the son, brimful of pleasure, and not trying to conceal it. The gladness in his face was of that active kind which seems to have energy enough not only to flash outwardly, but to light up busy vision within: one seemed to see thoughts as well as delight in his glances.

"Now, aunt," he went on, rubbing his hands and looking at Miss Noble, who was making tender little beaver-like noises, "there shall be sugar-candy always on the table for you to steal and give to the children, and you shall have a great many new stockings to make presents of, and you shall darn your own more than ever."

Miss Noble nodded at her nephew with a subdued half-frightened laugh, conscious of having already dropped an additional lump of sugar into her basket on the strength of the new preferment.

"As for you, Winny," the Vicar went on, "I shall make no difficulty about your marrying any Lowick bachelor—Mr. Solomon Featherstone, for example, as soon as I find you are in love with him."

Miss Winifred, who had been looking at her brother all the while and crying heartily, which was her way of rejoicing, smiled through her tears and said, "You must set me the example, Cam: *you* must marry now."

"With all my heart. But who is in love with me? I am a seedy old fellow," said the Vicar, rising, pushing his chair away, and looking down at himself. "What do you say, mother?"

"You are a handsome man, Camden, though not so fine a figure of a man as your father," said the old lady.

"I wish you would marry Miss Garth, brother," said Miss Winifred. "She would make us so lively at Lowick."

"Very fine! You talk as if young women were tied up to be chosen, like poultry at market; as if I had only to ask and every body would have me," said the Vicar, not caring to specify.

"We don't want every body," said Miss Winifred. "But *you* would like Miss Garth, mother, shouldn't you?"

"My son's choice shall be mine," said Mrs. Farebrother, with majestic discretion, "and a wife would be most welcome, Camden. You will want your whist at home when we go to Lowick, and Henrietta Noble never was a whist-player." (Mrs. Farebrother always called her tiny old sister by that magnificent name.)

"I shall do without whist now, mother."

"Why so, Camden? In my time whist was thought an undeniable amusement for a good churchman," said Mrs. Farebrother, innocent of the meaning that whist had for her son, and speaking rather sharply, as at some dangerous countenancing of new doctrine.

"I shall be too busy for whist; I shall have two parishes," said the Vicar, preferring not to discuss the virtues of that game.

He had already said to Dorothea, "I don't feel bound to give up St. Botolph's. It is protest enough against the pluralism they want to reform if I give somebody else most of the money. The stronger thing is not to give up power, but to use it well."

"I have thought of that," said Dorothea. "So far as self is concerned, I think it would be easier to give up power and money than to keep them. It seems very unfitting that I should have this patronage, yet I felt that I ought not to let it be used by some one else instead of me."

"It is I who am bound to act so that you will not regret your power," said Mr. Farebrother.

His was one of the natures in which conscience gets the more active when the yoke of life ceases to gall them. He made no display of humility on the subject, but in his heart he felt rather ashamed that his conduct had shown laches which others who did not get benefices were free from.

"I used often to wish I had been something else than a clergyman," he said to Lydgate, "but perhaps it will be better to try and make as good a clergyman out of myself as I can. That is the well-beneficed point of view, you perceive, from which difficulties are much simplified," he ended, smiling.

The Vicar did feel then as if his share of duties would be easy. But duty has a trick of behaving unexpectedly—something like a heavy friend whom we have amiably asked to visit us, and who breaks his leg within our gates.

Hardly a week later duty presented itself in his study under the disguise of Fred Vincy, now returned from Omnibus College with his bachelor's degree.

"I am ashamed to trouble you, Mr. Farebrother," said Fred, whose fair open face was propitiating, "but you are the only friend I can consult. I told you every thing once before, and you were so good that I can't help coming to you again."

"Sit down, Fred; I'm ready to hear and do any thing I can," said the Vicar, who was busy packing some small objects for removal, and went on with his work.

"I wanted to tell you—" Fred hesitated an instant and then went on plungingly, "I might go into the Church now; and really, look where I may, I can't see any thing else to do. I don't like it, but I know it's uncommonly hard on my father to say so, after he has spent a good deal of money in educating me for it." Fred paused again an instant, and then repeated, "and I can't see any thing else to do."

"I did talk to your father about it, Fred, but I made little way with him. He said it was too late. But you have got over one bridge now: what are your other difficulties?"

"Merely that I don't like it. I don't like divinity, and preaching, and feeling obliged to look serious. I like riding across country, and doing as other men do. I don't mean that I want to be a bad fellow in any way, but I've no taste for the sort of thing people expect of a clergyman. And yet what else am I to do? My father can't spare me any capital, else I might go into farming. And he has no room for me in his trade. And of course I can't begin to study for law or physic now, when my father wants me to earn something. It's all very well to say I'm wrong to go into the Church; but those who say so might as well tell me to go into the backwoods."

Fred's voice had taken a tone of grumbling remonstrance, and Mr. Farebrother might have been inclined to smile if his mind had not been too busy in imagining more than Fred told him.

"Have you any difficulties about doctrines—about the Articles?" he said, trying hard to think of the question simply for Fred's sake.

"No; I suppose the Articles are right. I am not prepared with any arguments to disprove them, and much better, cleverer fellows than I am go in for them entirely. I think it would be rather ridiculous in me to urge scruples of that sort, as if I were a judge," said Fred, quite simply.

"I suppose, then, it has occurred to you that you might be a fair parish priest without being much of a divine?"

"Of course, if I am obliged to be a clergyman, I shall try and do my duty, though I mayn't like it. Do you think any body ought to blame me?"

"For going into the Church under the circumstances? That depends on your conscience, Fred—how far you have counted the cost, and seen what your position will require of you. I can only tell you about myself, that I have always been too lax, and have been uneasy in consequence."

"But there is another hinderance," said Fred, coloring. "I did not tell you before, though perhaps I may have said things that made you guess it. There is somebody I am very fond of: I have loved her ever since we were children."

"Miss Garth, I suppose?" said the Vicar, examining some labels very closely.

"Yes. I shouldn't mind any thing if she would have me. And I know I could be a good fellow then."

"And you think she returns the feeling?"

"She never will say so; and a good while ago she made me promise not to speak to her about it again. And she has set her mind especially against my being a clergyman; I know that. But I can't give her up. I do think she cares about me. I saw Mrs. Garth last night, and she said that Mary was staying at Lowick Rectory with Miss Farebrother."

"Yes, she is very kindly helping my sister. Do you wish to go there?"

"No, I want to ask a great favor of you. I am ashamed to bother you in this way; but Mary might listen to what you said, if you mentioned the subject to her—I mean about my going into the Church."

"That is rather a delicate task, my dear Fred. I shall have to presuppose your attachment to her; and to enter on the subject as you wish me to do will be asking her to tell me whether she returns it."

"That is what I want her to tell you," said Fred, bluntly. "I don't know what to do unless I can get at her feeling."

"You mean that you would be guided by that as to your going into the Church?"

"If Mary said she would never have me, I might as well go wrong in one way as another."

"That is nonsense, Fred. Men outlive their love, but they don't outlive the consequences of their recklessness."

"Not my sort of love: I have never been without loving Mary. If I had to give her up, it would be like beginning to live on wooden legs."

"Will she not be hurt at my intrusion?"

"No, I feel sure she will not. She respects you more than any one, and she would not put you off with fun as she does me. Of course I could not have told any one else, or asked any one else to speak to her, but you. There is no one else who could be such a friend to both of us." Fred paused a moment, and then said, rather complainingly, "And she ought to acknowledge that I have worked in order to pass. She ought to believe that I would exert myself for her sake."

There was a moment's silence before Mr. Farebrother laid down his work, and putting out his hand to Fred, said,

"Very well, my boy. I will do what you wish."

That very day Mr. Farebrother went to Lowick parsonage on the nag which he had just set up. "Decidedly, I am an old stalk," he thought; "the young growths are pushing me aside."

He found Mary in the garden gathering roses and sprinkling the petals on a sheet. The sun was low, and tall trees sent their shadows across the grassy walks where Mary was moving without bonnet or parasol. She did not observe Mr. Farebrother's approach along the grass, and had just stooped down to lecture a small black-and-tan terrier, which would persist in walking on the sheet and smelling at the rose leaves as Mary sprinkled them. She took his fore-paws in one hand and lifted up the forefinger of the other, while the dog wrinkled his brows and looked embarrassed. "Fly, Fly, I am ashamed of you," Mary was saying in a grave contralto. "This is not becoming in a sensible dog; any body would think you were a silly young gentleman."

"You are unmerciful to young gentlemen, Miss Garth," said the Vicar, within two yards of her.

Mary started up and blushed. "It always answers to reason with Fly," she said, laughingly.

"But not with young gentlemen?"

"Oh, with some, I suppose; since some of them turn into excellent men."

"I am glad of that admission, because I want at this very moment to interest you in a young gentleman."

"Not a silly one, I hope," said Mary, beginning to pluck the roses again, and feeling her heart beat uncomfortably.

"No; though perhaps wisdom is not his strong point, but rather affection and sincerity. However, wisdom lies more in those two qualities than people are apt to imagine. I hope you

know by those marks what young gentleman I mean."

"Yes, I think I do," said Mary, bravely, her face getting more serious, and her hands cold; "it must be Fred Vincy."

"He has asked me to consult you about his going into the Church. I hope you will not think that I consented to take a liberty in promising to do so."

"On the contrary, Mr. Farebrother," said Mary, giving up the roses, and folding her arms, but unable to look up, "whenever you have any thing to say to me I feel honored."

"But before I enter on that question let me just touch a point on which your father took me into confidence; by-the-way, it was that very evening on which I once before fulfilled a mission from Fred, just after he had gone to college. Mr. Garth told me what happened on the night of Featherstone's death—how you refused to burn the will; and he said that you had some heart-prickings on that subject, because you had been the innocent means of hindering Fred from getting his ten thousand pounds. I have kept that in mind, and I have heard something that may relieve you on that score—may show you that no sin-offering is demanded from you there."

Mr. Farebrother paused a moment and looked at Mary. He meant to give Fred his full advantage, but it would be well, he thought, to clear her mind of any superstitions, such as women sometimes follow when they do a man the wrong of marrying him as an act of atonement. Mary's cheeks had begun to burn a little, and she was mute.

"I mean, that your action made no real difference to Fred's lot. I find that the first will would not have been legally good after the burning of the last: it would not have stood if it had been disputed, and you may be sure it would have been disputed. So, on that score, you may feel your mind free."

"Thank you, Mr. Farebrother," said Mary, earnestly. "I am grateful to you for remembering my feelings."

"Well, now I may go on. Fred, you know, has taken his degree. He has worked his way so far, and now the question is, what is he to do? That question is so difficult that he is inclined to follow his father's wishes and enter the Church, though you know better than I do that he was quite set against that formerly. I have questioned him on the subject, and I confess I see no insuperable objection to his being a clergyman, as things go. He says that he could turn his mind to doing his best in that vocation on one condition. If that condition were fulfilled, I would do my utmost in helping Fred on. After a time—not, of course, at first—he might be with me as my curate, and he would have so much to do that his stipend would be nearly what I used to get as vicar. But I repeat that there is a condition without which all this good can not come to pass. He has opened his heart to me, Miss Garth, and asked me to plead for him. The condition lies entirely in your feeling."

Mary looked so much moved that he said, after a moment, "Let us walk a little;" and when they were walking he added, "To speak quite plainly, Fred will not take any course which would lessen the chance that you would consent to be his wife; but with that prospect, he will try his best at any thing you approve."

"I can not possibly say that I will ever be his wife, Mr. Farebrother; but I certainly never will be his wife if he becomes a clergyman. What you say is most generous and kind; I don't mean for a moment to correct your judgment. It is only that I have my girlish, mocking way of looking at things," said Mary, with a returning sparkle of playfulness in her answer which only made its modesty more charming.

"He wishes me to report exactly what you think," said Mr. Farebrother.

"I could not love a man who is ridiculous," said Mary, not choosing to go deeper. "Fred has sense and knowledge enough to make him respectable, if he likes, in some good worldly business, but I can never imagine him preaching and exhorting, and pronouncing blessings, and praying by the sick, without feeling as if I were looking at a caricature. His being a clergyman would be only for gentility's sake, and I think there is nothing more contemptible than such imbecile gentility. I used to think that of Mr. Crowse, with his empty face and neat umbrella and mincing little speeches. What right have such men to represent Christianity—as if it were an institution for getting up idiots genteelly—as if—" Mary checked herself. She had been carried along as if she had been speaking to Fred instead of Mr. Farebrother.

"Young women are severe; they don't feel the stress of action as men do, though perhaps I ought to make you an exception there. But you don't put Fred Vincy on so low a level as that?"

"No, indeed; he has plenty of sense, but I think he would not show it as a clergyman. He would be a piece of professional affectation."

"Then the answer is quite decided. As a clergyman he could have no hope?"

Mary shook her head.

"But if he braved all the difficulties of getting his bread in some other way—will you give him the support of hope? May he count on winning you?"

"I think Fred ought not to need telling again what I have already said to him," Mary answered, with a slight resentment in her manner. "I mean that he ought not to put such questions until he has done something worthy, instead of saying that he could do it."

Mr. Farebrother was silent for a minute or more, and then, as they turned and paused under the shadow of a maple at the end of a grassy walk, said, "I understand that you resist any attempt to fetter you, but either your feeling for Fred Vincy excludes your entertaining another attachment, or it does not: either he may count on your remaining single until he shall have earned your hand, or he may in any case be disappointed. Pardon me, Mary—you know I used to catechise you under that name—but when the state of a woman's affections touches the happiness of another life—of more lives than one—I think it would be the nobler course for her to be perfectly direct and open."

Mary in her turn was silent, wondering not at Mr. Farebrother's manner, but at his tone, which had a grave restrained emotion in it. When the strange idea flashed across her that his words had reference to himself, she was incredulous, and ashamed of entertaining it. She had never thought that any man could love her except Fred, who had espoused her with the umbrella ring, when she wore socks and little strapped shoes: still less that she could be of any importance to Mr. Farebrother, the cleverest man in her narrow circle. She had only time to feel that all this was hazy and perhaps illusory; but one thing was clear and determined—her answer.

"Since you think it my duty, Mr. Farebrother, I will tell you that I have too strong a feeling for Fred to give him up for any one else. I should never be quite happy if I thought he was unhappy for the loss of me. It has taken such deep root in me—my gratitude to him for always loving me best, and minding so much if I hurt myself, from the time when we were very little. I can not imagine any new feeling coming to make that weaker. I should like better than any thing to see him worthy of every one's respect. But please tell him I will not promise to marry him till then: I should shame and grieve my father and mother. He is free to choose some one else."

"Then I have fulfilled my commission thoroughly," said Mr. Farebrother, putting out his hand to Mary, "and I shall ride back to Middlemarch forthwith. With this prospect before him, we shall get Fred into the right niche somehow, and I hope I shall live to join your hands. God bless you!"

"Oh, please stay, and let me give you some tea," said Mary. Her eyes filled with tears, for something indefinable, something like the resolute suppression of a pain in Mr. Farebrother's manner, made her feel suddenly miserable, as she had once felt when she saw her father's hands trembling in a moment of trouble.

"No, my dear, no. I must get back."

In three minutes the Vicar was on horseback again, having gone magnanimously through a duty much harder than the renunciation of whist, or even than the writing of penitential meditations.

CHAPTER LIII.

"It is but a shallow haste which concludeth insincerity from what outsiders call inconsistency—putting a dead mechanism of 'ifs' and 'therefores' for the living myriad of hidden suckers whereby the belief and the conduct are wrought into mutual sustainment."

MR. BULSTRODE, when he was hoping to acquire a new interest in Lowick, had naturally had an especial wish that the new clergyman should be one whom he thoroughly approved; and he believed it to be a chastisement and admonition directed to his own short-comings and those of the nation at large that just about the time when he came in possession of the deeds which made him the proprietor of Stone Court, Mr. Farebrother "read himself" into the quaint little church and preached his first sermon to the congregation of farmers, laborers, and village artisans. It was not that Mr. Bulstrode intended to frequent Lowick Church or to reside at Stone Court for a good while to come: he had bought the excellent farm and fine homestead simply as a retreat which he might gradually enlarge as to the land and beautify as to the dwelling, until it should be conducive to the divine glory that he should enter on it as a residence, partially withdrawing from his present exertions in the administration of business, and throwing more conspicuously on the side of Gospel truth the weight of local landed proprietorship, which Providence might increase by unforeseen occasions of purchase. A strong leading in this direction seemed to have been given in the surprising facility of getting Stone Court, when every one had expected that Mr. Rigg Featherstone would have clung to it as the Garden of Eden. That was what poor old Peter himself had expected; having often, in imagination, looked up through the sods above him, and, unobstructed by perspective, seen his frog-faced legatee enjoying the fine old place to the perpetual surprise and disappointment of other survivors.

But how little we know what would make paradise for our neighbors! We judge from our own desires, and our neighbors themselves are not always open enough even to throw out a hint of theirs. The cool and judicious Joshua Rigg had not allowed his parent to perceive that Stone Court was any thing less than the chief good in his estimation, and he had certainly wished to call it his own. But as Warren Hastings looked at gold and thought of buying Daylesford, so Joshua Rigg looked at Stone Court and thought of buying gold. He had a very distinct and intense vision of his chief good, the vigorous greed which he had inherited having taken a special form by dint of circumstance: and his chief good was to be a money-changer. From his earliest employment as an errand-boy in a sea-port, he had looked through the windows of the money-changers as other boys look through the windows of the pastry-cooks; the fascination had wrought itself gradually into a deep special passion; he meant, when he had property, to do many things, one of them being to marry a genteel young person; but these were all accidents and joys that imagination could dispense with. The one joy after which his soul thirsted was to have a money-changer's shop on a much-frequented quay, to have locks all round him of which he held the keys, and to look sublimely cool as he handled the breeding coins of all nations, while helpless Cupidity looked at him enviously from the other side of an iron lattice. The strength of that passion had been a power enabling him to master all the knowledge necessary to gratify it. And when others were thinking that he had settled at Stone Court for life, Joshua himself was thinking that the moment now was not far off when he should settle on the North Quay with the best appointments in safes and locks.

Enough. We are concerned with looking at Joshua Rigg's sale of his land from Mr. Bulstrode's point of view, and he interpreted it as a cheering dispensation conveying perhaps a sanction to a purpose which he had for some time entertained without external encouragement; he interpreted it thus, but not too confidently, offering up his thanksgiving in guarded phraseology. His doubts did not arise from the possible relations of the event to Joshua Rigg's destiny, which belonged to the unmapped regions not taken under the providential government, except perhaps in an imperfect colonial way; but they arose from reflecting that this dispensation too might be a chastisement for himself, as Mr. Farebrother's induction to the living clearly was.

This was not what Mr. Bulstrode said to any man for the sake of deceiving him: it was what he said to himself—it was as genuinely his mode of explaining events as any theory of yours may be, if you happen to disagree with him. For the egoism which enters into our theories does not affect their sincerity; rather, the more our egoism is satisfied, the more robust is our belief.

However, whether for sanction or for chastisement, Mr. Bulstrode, hardly fifteen months after the death of Peter Featherstone, had become the proprietor of Stone Court, and what Peter would say "if he were worthy to know," had become an inexhaustible and consolatory subject of conversation to his disappointed relatives. The tables were now turned on that dear brother departed, and to contemplate the frustration of his cunning by the superior cunning of things in general was a cud of delight to Solomon. Mrs. Waule had a melancholy triumph in the proof that it did not answer to make false Featherstones and cut off the genuine; and sister Martha receiving the news in the Chalky Flats said, "Dear, dear! then the Almighty could have been none so pleased with the almshouses after all."

Affectionate Mrs. Bulstrode was particularly glad of the advantage which her husband's health was likely to get from the purchase of Stone Court. Few days passed without his riding thither and looking over some part of the farm with the bailiff, and the evenings were delicious in that quiet spot, when the new hay-ricks lately set up were sending forth odors to mingle with the breath of the rich old garden. One evening, while the sun was still above the horizon and burning in golden lamps among the great walnut boughs, Mr. Bulstrode was pausing on horseback outside the front gate waiting for Caleb Garth, who had met him by appointment to give an opinion on a question of stable drainage, and was now advising the bailiff in the rick-yard.

Mr. Bulstrode was conscious of being in a good spiritual frame and more than usually serene, under the influence of his innocent recreation. He was doctrinally convinced that there was a total absence of merit in himself, but that doctrinal conviction may be held without pain when the sense of demerit does not take a distinct shape in memory, and revive the tingling of shame or the pang of remorse. Nay, it may be held with intense satisfaction when the depth of our sinning is but a measure for the depth of forgiveness, and a clinching proof that we are peculiar instruments of the divine intention. The memory has as many moods as the temper, and shifts its scenery like a diorama. At this moment Mr. Bulstrode felt as if the sunshine were all one with that of far-off evenings when he was a very young man, and used to go out preaching beyond Highbury. And he would willingly have had that service of exhortation in prospect now. The texts were there still, and so was his own facility in expounding them. His brief reverie was interrupted by the return of Caleb Garth, who also was on horseback, and was just shaking his bridle before starting, when he exclaimed,

"Bless my heart! what's this fellow in black coming along the lane? He's like one of those men one sees about after the races."

Mr. Bulstrode turned his horse and looked along the lane, but made no reply. The comer was our slight acquaintance Mr. Raffles, whose appearance presented no other change than such as was due to a suit of black and a crape hat-band. He was within three yards of the horsemen now, and they could see the flash of recognition in his face as he whirled his stick upward, looking all the while at Mr. Bulstrode, and at last exclaiming,

"By Jove, Nick, it's you! I couldn't be mistaken, though the five-and-twenty years have played old Bogny with us both! How are you, eh? you didn't expect to see *me* here. Come, shake us by the hand."

To say that Mr. Raffles's manner was rather excited would be only one mode of saying that it was evening. Caleb Garth could see that there was a moment of struggle and hesitation in Mr. Bulstrode, but it ended in his putting out his hand coldly to Raffles, and saying,

"I did not indeed expect to see you in this remote country place."

"Well, it belongs to a step-son of mine," said Raffles, adjusting himself in a swaggering attitude. "I came to see him here before. I'm not so surprised at seeing you, old fellow, because I picked up a letter—what you may call a providential thing. It's uncommonly fortunate I met you, though; for I don't care about seeing my step-son: he's not affectionate, and his poor mother's gone now. To tell the truth, I came out of love to you, Nick: I came to get your address, for—look here!" Raffles drew a crumpled paper from his pocket.

Almost any other man than Caleb Garth might have been tempted to linger on the spot for the sake of hearing all he could about a man whose acquaintance with Bulstrode seemed to imply passages in the banker's life so unlike any thing that was known of him in Middlemarch that they must have the nature of a secret to pique curiosity. But Caleb was peculiar: certain human tendencies which are commonly strong were almost absent from his mind; and one of these was curiosity about personal affairs. Especially if there was any thing discreditable to be found out concerning another man, Caleb preferred not to know it; and if he had to tell any body under him that his evil doings were discovered, he was more embarrassed than the culprit. He now spurred his horse, and saying, "I wish you good-evening, Mr. Bulstrode; I must be getting home," set off at a trot.

"You didn't put your full address to this letter," Raffles continued. "That was not like the first-rate man of business you used to be. 'The Shrubs'—they may be any where: you live near at hand, eh?—have cut the London concern altogether—perhaps turned country squire—have a rural mansion to invite me to. Lord, how many years it is ago! The old lady must have been dead a pretty long while—gone to glory without the pain of knowing how poor her daughter was, eh? But, by Jove! you're very pale and pasty, Nick. Come, if you're going home, I'll walk by your side."

Mr. Bulstrode's usual paleness had, in fact, taken an almost deathly hue. Five minutes before the expanse of his life had been submerged in its evening sunshine, which shone backward to its remembered morning: sin seemed to be a question of doctrine and inward penitence, humiliation an exercise of the closet, the bearing of his deeds a matter of private vision adjusted solely by spiritual relations and conceptions of the divine purposes. And now, as if by some hideous magic, this loud red figure had risen before him in unmanageable solidity—an incorporate past which had not entered into his imagination of chastisements. But Mr. Bulstrode's thought was busy, and he was not a man to act or speak rashly.

"I was going home," he said, "but I can defer my ride a little. And you can, if you please, rest here."

"Thank you," said Raffles, making a grimace. "I don't care now about seeing my step-son. I'd rather go home with you."

"Your step-son, if Mr. Rigg Featherstone was he, is here no longer. I am master here now."

Raffles opened wide eyes, and gave a long whistle of surprise before he said, "Well, then, I've no objection. I've had enough walking from the coach-road. I never was much of a walker, or rider either. What I like is a smart vehicle and a spirited cob. I was always a little heavy in the saddle. What a pleasant surprise it must be to you to see me, old fellow!" he continued, as they turned toward the house. "You don't say so; but you never took your luck heartily—you were always thinking of improving the occasion—you'd such a gift for improving your luck."

Mr. Raffles seemed greatly to enjoy his own wit, and swung his leg in a swaggering manner which was rather too much for his companion's judicious patience.

"If I remember rightly," Mr. Bulstrode observed, with chill anger, "our acquaintance many years ago had not the sort of intimacy which you are now assuming, Mr. Raffles. Any services you desire of me will be the more readily rendered if you will avoid a tone of familiarity which did not lie in our former intercourse, and can hardly be warranted by more than twenty years of separation."

"You don't like being called Nick? Why, I always called you Nick in my heart, and though lost to sight, to memory dear. By Jove! my feelings have ripened for you like fine old Cognac. I hope you've got some in the house now. Josh filled my flask well the last time."

Mr. Bulstrode had not yet fully learned that even the desire for Cognac was not stronger in Raffles than the desire to torment, and that a hint of annoyance always served him as a fresh cue. But it was at least clear that further objection was useless, and Mr. Bulstrode, in giving orders to the housekeeper for the accommodation of the guest, had a resolute air of quietude.

There was the comfort of thinking that this housekeeper had been in the service of Rigg also, and might accept the idea that Mr. Bulstrode entertained Raffles merely as a friend of her former master. When there was food and drink spread before his visitor in the wainscoted parlor, and no witness in the room, Mr. Bulstrode said:

"Your habits and mine are so different, Mr. Raffles, that we can hardly enjoy each other's society. The wisest plan for both of us will therefore be to part as soon as possible. Since you say that you wished to meet me, you probably considered that you had some business to transact with me. But under the circumstances I will invite you to remain here for the night, and I will myself ride over here early to-morrow morning—before breakfast, in fact—when I can receive any communication you have to make to me."

"With all my heart," said Raffles; "this is a comfortable place—a little dull for a continuance; but I can put up with it for a night, with this good liquor and the prospect of seeing you again in the morning. You're a much better host than my step-son was; but Josh owed me a bit of a grudge for marrying his mother; and between you and me there was never any thing but kindness."

Mr. Bulstrode, hoping that the peculiar mix-

ture of joviality and sneering in Raffles's manner was a good deal the effect of drink, had determined to wait till he was quite sober before he spent more words upon him. But he rode home with a terribly lucid vision of the difficulty there would be in arranging any result that could be permanently counted on with this man. It was inevitable that he should wish to get rid of John Raffles, though his reappearance could not be regarded as lying outside the divine plan. The spirit of evil might have sent him to threaten Mr. Bulstrode's subversion as an instrument of good; but the threat must have been permitted, and was a chastisement of a new kind. It was an hour of anguish for him very different from the hours in which his struggle had been securely private, and which had ended with a sense that his secret misdeeds were pardoned and his services accepted. Those misdeeds even when committed—had they not been half sanctified by the singleness of his desire to devote himself and all he possessed to the furtherance of the divine scheme? And was he after all to become a mere stone of stumbling and a rock of offense? For who would understand the work within him? Who would not, when there was the pretext of casting disgrace upon him, confound his whole life and the truths he had espoused in one heap of obloquy?

In his closest meditations the life-long habit of Mr. Bulstrode's mind clad his most egoistic terrors in doctrinal references to superhuman ends. But even while we are talking and meditating about the earth's orbit and the solar system, what we feel and adjust our movements to is the stable earth and the changing day. And now within all the automatic succession of theoretic phrases—distinct and inmost as the shiver and the ache of on-coming fever when we are discussing abstract pain, was the forecast of disgrace in the presence of his neighbors and of his own wife. For the pain, as well as the public estimate of disgrace, depends on the amount of previous profession. To men who only aim at escaping felony, nothing short of the prisoner's dock is disgrace. But Mr. Bulstrode had aimed at being an eminent Christian.

It was not more than half past seven in the morning when he again reached Stone Court. The fine old place never looked more like a delightful home than at that moment; the great white lilies were in flower, the nasturtiums, their pretty leaves all silvered with dew, were running away over the low stone wall; the very noises all around had a heart of peace within them. But every thing was spoiled for the owner as he walked on the gravel in front and awaited the descent of Mr. Raffles, with whom he was condemned to breakfast.

It was not long before they were seated together in the wainscoted parlor over their tea and toast, which was as much as Raffles cared to take at that early hour. The difference between his morning and evening self was not so great as his companion had imagined that it might be; the delight in tormenting was perhaps even the stronger because his spirits were rather less highly pitched. Certainly his manners seemed more disagreeable by the morning light.

"As I have little time to spare, Mr. Raffles," said the banker, who could hardly do more than sip his tea and break his toast without eating it, "I shall be obliged if you will mention at once the ground on which you wished to meet with me. I presume that you have a home elsewhere, and will be glad to return to it."

"Why, if a man has got any heart, doesn't he want to see an old friend, Nick?—I must call you Nick—we always did call you young Nick when we knew you meant to marry the old widow. Some said you had a handsome family likeness to old Nick, but that was your mother's fault, calling you Nicholas. Aren't you glad to see me again? I expected an invite to stay with you at some pretty place. My own establishment is broken up, now my wife's dead. I've no particular attachment to any spot; I would as soon settle hereabout as any where."

"May I ask why you returned from America? I considered that the strong wish you expressed to go there, when an adequate sum was furnished, was tantamount to an engagement that you would remain there for life."

"Never knew that a wish to go to a place was the same thing as a wish to stay. But I did stay a matter of ten years; it didn't suit me to stay any longer. And I'm not going again, Nick." Here Mr. Raffles winked slowly as he looked at Mr. Bulstrode.

"Do you wish to be settled in any business? What is your calling now?"

"Thank you, my calling is to enjoy myself as much as I can. I don't care about working any more. If I did any thing it would be a little traveling in the tobacco line—or something of that sort, which takes a man into agreeable company. But not without an independence to fall back upon. That's what I want. I'm not so strong as I was, Nick, though I've got more color than you. I want an independence."

"That could be supplied to you, if you would engage to keep at a distance," said Mr. Bulstrode, perhaps with a little too much eagerness in his under-tone.

"That must be as it suits my convenience," said Raffles, coolly. "I see no reason why I shouldn't make a few acquaintances hereabout. I'm not ashamed of myself as company for any body. I dropped my portmanteau at the turnpike when I got down—change of linen—genuine—honor bright!—more than fronts and wristbands; and with this suit of mourning, straps and every thing, I should do you credit among the nobs here." Mr. Raffles had pushed away his chair and looked down at himself, particularly at his straps. His chief intention was to annoy Bulstrode, but he really thought that his appearance now would produce a good effect, and that he was not only handsome and witty, but clad in a mourning style which implied solid connections.

"If you intend to rely on me in any way, Mr. Raffles," said Bulstrode, after a moment's pause, "you will expect to meet my wishes."

"Ah, to be sure," said Raffles, with a mocking cordiality. "Didn't I always do it? Lord! you made a pretty thing out of me, and I got but little. I've often thought since, I might have done better by telling the old woman that I'd found her daughter and her grandchild. It would have suited my feelings better; I've got a soft place in my heart. But you've buried the old lady by this time, I suppose—it's all one to her now. And you've got your fortune out of that profitable business which had such a blessing on it. You've taken to being a nob, buying land, being a country bashaw. Still in the Dissenting line, eh? Still godly? Or taken to the Church as more genteel?"

This time Mr. Raffles's slow wink and slight protrusion of his tongue was worse than a nightmare, because it held the certitude that it was not a nightmare, but a waking misery. Mr. Bulstrode felt a shuddering nausea, and did not speak, but was considering diligently whether he should not leave Raffles to do as he would, and simply defy him as a slanderer. The man would soon show himself disreputable enough to make people disbelieve him. "But not when he tells any ugly-looking truth about *you*," said discerning consciousness. And again: it seemed no wrong to keep Raffles at a distance, but Mr. Bulstrode shrank from the direct falsehood of denying true statements. It was one thing to look back on forgiven sins, nay, to explain questionable conformity to lax customs, and another to enter deliberately on the necessity of falsehood.

But since Bulstrode did not speak, Raffles ran on, by way of using time to the utmost.

"I've not had such fine luck as you, by Jove! Things went confoundedly with me in New York; those Yankees are cool hands, and a man of gentlemanly feelings has no chance with them. I married when I came back—a nice woman in the tobacco trade—very fond of me—but the trade was restricted, as we say. She had been settled there a good many years by a friend; but there was a son too much in the case. Josh and I never hit it off. However, I made the most of the position, and I've always taken my glass in good company. It's been all on the square with me; I'm as open as the day. You won't take it ill of me that I didn't look you up before; I've got a complaint that makes me a little dilatory. I thought you were trading and praying away in London still, and didn't find you there. But you see I was sent to you, Nick—perhaps for a blessing to both of us."

Mr. Raffles ended with a jocose snuffle: no man felt his intellect more superior to religious cant. And if the cunning which calculates on the meanest feelings in men could be called intellect, he had his share, for under the blurting, rallying tone with which he spoke to Bulstrode there was an evident selection of statements, as if they had been so many moves at chess. Meanwhile Bulstrode had determined on his move, and he said, with gathered resolution:

"You will do well to reflect, Mr. Raffles, that it is possible for a man to overreach himself in the effort to secure undue advantage. Although I am not in any way bound to you, I am willing to supply you with a regular annuity—in quarterly payments—so long as you fulfill a promise to remain at a distance from this neighborhood. It is in your power to choose. If you insist on remaining here, even for a short time, you will get nothing from me. I shall decline to know you."

"Ha, ha!" said Raffles, with an affected explosion, "that reminds me of a droll dog of a thief who declined to know the constable."

"Your allusions are lost on me, Sir," said Bulstrode, with white heat; "the law has no hold on me either through your agency or any other."

"You can't understand a joke, my good fellow. I only meant that I should never decline to know you. But let us be serious. Your quarterly payment won't quite suit me. I like my freedom."

Here Raffles rose and stalked once or twice up and down the room, swinging his leg, and assuming an air of masterly meditation. At last he stopped opposite Bulstrode, and said, "I'll tell you what! Give us a couple of hundreds—come, that's modest—and I'll go away—honor bright!—pick up my portmanteau and go away. But I shall not give up my liberty for a dirty annuity. I shall come and go where I like. Perhaps it may suit me to stay away, and correspond with a friend; perhaps not. Have you the money with you?"

"No, I have one hundred," said Bulstrode, feeling the immediate riddance too great a relief to be rejected on the ground of future uncertainties. "I will forward you the other if you will mention an address."

"No, I'll wait here till you bring it," said Raffles. "I'll take a stroll, and have a snack, and you'll be back by that time."

Mr. Bulstrode's sickly body, shattered by the agitations he had gone through since the last evening, made him feel abjectly in the power of this loud invulnerable man. At that moment he snatched at a temporary repose to be won on any terms. He was rising to do what Raffles suggested, when the latter said, lifting up his finger as if with a sudden recollection:

"I did have another look after Sarah again, though I didn't tell you; I'd a tender conscience about that pretty young woman. I didn't find her, but I found out her husband's name, and I made a note of it. But, hang it, I lost my pocket-book. However, if I heard it I should know it again. I've got my faculties as if I was in my prime, but names wear out, by Jove! Sometimes I'm no better than a confounded tax-paper before the names are filled in. However, if I hear of her and her family, you shall know, Nick. You'd like to do something for her, now she's your step-daughter."

"Doubtless," said Mr. Bulstrode, with the usual steady look of his light gray eyes; "though that might reduce my power of assisting you."

As he walked out of the room Raffles winked slowly at his back, and then turned toward the window to watch the banker riding away—virtually at his command. His lips first curled with a smile, and then opened with a short triumphant laugh.

"But what the deuce was the name?" he presently said, half aloud, scratching his head, and wrinkling his brows horizontally. He had not really cared or thought about this point of forgetfulness until it occurred to him in his invention of annoyances for Bulstrode.

"It began with L; it was almost all l's, I fancy," he went on, with a sense that he was getting hold of the slippery name. But the hold was too slight, and he soon got tired of this mental chase; for few men were more impatient of private occupation or more in need of making themselves continually heard than Mr. Raffles. He preferred using his time in pleasant conversation with the bailiff and the housekeeper, from whom he gathered as much as he wanted to know about Mr. Bulstrode's position in Middlemarch.

After all, however, there was a dull space of time which needed relieving with bread and cheese and ale, and when he was seated alone with these resources in the wainscoted parlor, he suddenly slapped his knee, and exclaimed, "Ladislaw!" That action of memory which he had tried to set going, and had abandoned in despair, had suddenly completed itself without conscious effort—a common experience, agreeable as a completed sneeze, even if the name remembered is of no value. Raffles immediately took out his pocket-book, and wrote down the name, not because he expected to use it, but merely for the sake of not being at a loss if he ever did happen to want it. He was not going to tell Bulstrode; there was no actual good in telling, and to a mind like that of Mr. Raffles there is always probable good in a secret.

He was satisfied with his present success, and by three o'clock that day he had taken up his portmanteau at the turnpike and mounted the coach, relieving Mr. Bulstrode's eyes of an ugly black spot on the landscape at Stone Court, but not relieving him of the dread that the black spot might reappear and become inseparable even from the vision of his hearth.

BOOK VI.

THE WIDOW AND THE WIFE.

CHAPTER LIV.

"Negli occhi porta la mia donna Amore;
Per che si fa gentil ciò ch'ella mira:
Ov'ella passa, ogni uom ver lei si gira,
E cui saluta fa tremar lo core.
Sicchè, bassando il viso, tutto smore,
E d' ogni suo difetto allor sospira:
Fuggon dinanzi a lei Superbia ed Ira:
Aiutatemi, donne, a farle onore.
Ogni dolcezza, ogni pensiero umile
Nasce nel cuore a chi parlar la sente;
Ond' è beato chi prima la vide.
Quel ch'ella par quand' un poco sorride,
Non si può dicer, nè tener a mente,
Sì è nuovo miracolo gentile."
—DANTE: *La Vita Nuova.*

BY that delightful morning when the hay-ricks at Stone Court were scenting the air quite impartially, as if Mr. Raffles had been a guest worthy of finest incense, Dorothea had again taken up her abode at Lowick Manor. After three months Freshitt had become rather oppressive: to sit like a model for Saint Catherine looking raptuously at Celia's baby would not do for many hours in the day, and to remain in that momentous babe's presence with persistent disregard was a course that could not have been tolerated in a childless sister. Dorothea would have been capable of carrying baby joyfully for a mile if there had been need, and of loving it the more tenderly for that labor; but to an aunt who does not recognize her infant nephew as Bouddha, and has nothing to do for him but to admire, his behavior is apt to appear monotonous, and the interest of watching him exhaustible.

This possibility was quite hidden from Celia, who felt that Dorothea's childless widowhood fell in quite prettily with the birth of little Arthur (baby was named after Mr. Brooke).

"Dodo is just the creature not to mind about having any thing of her own—children or any thing!" said Celia to her husband. "And if she had had a baby, it never could have been such a dear as Arthur. Could it, James?"

"Not if it had been like Casaubon," said Sir James, conscious of some indirectness in his answer, and of holding a strictly private opinion as to the perfections of his first-born.

"No! just imagine! Really it was a mercy," said Celia; "and I think it is very nice for Dodo to be a widow. She can be just as fond of our baby as if it were her own, and she can have as many notions of her own as she likes."

"It is a pity she was not a queen," said the devout Sir James.

"But what should we have been then? We must have been something else," said Celia, objecting to so laborious a flight of imagination. "I like her better as she is."

Hence, when she found that Dorothea was making arrangements for her final departure to Lowick, Celia raised her eyebrows with disappointment, and in her quiet, unemphatic way shot a needle-arrow of sarcasm.

"What will you do at Lowick, Dodo? You say yourself there is nothing to be done there: every body is so clean and well off, it makes you quite melancholy. And here you have been so happy, going all about Tipton with Mr. Garth into the worst back-yards. And now uncle is abroad, you and Mr. Garth can have it all your own way; and I am sure James does every thing you tell him."

"I shall often come here, and I shall see how baby grows all the better," said Dorothea.

"But you will never see him washed," said Celia: "and that is quite the best part of the day." She was almost pouting: it did seem to her very hard in Dodo to go away from the baby when she might stay.

"Dear Kitty, I will come and stay all night on purpose," said Dorothea; "but I want to be alone now, and in my own home. I wish to know the Farebrothers better, and to talk to Mr. Farebrother about what there is to be done in Middlemarch."

Dorothea's native strength of will was no longer all converted into resolute submission. She had a great yearning to be at Lowick, and was simply determined to go, not feeling bound to tell all her reasons. But every one around her disapproved. Sir James was much pained, and offered that they should all migrate to Cheltenham for a few months with the sacred ark, otherwise called a cradle: at that period a man could hardly know what to propose if Cheltenham were rejected.

The Dowager Lady Chettam, just returned from a visit to her daughter in town, wished, at least, that Mrs. Vigo should be written to, and invited to accept the office of companion to Mrs. Casaubon; it was not credible that Dorothea as a young widow would think of living alone in the house at Lowick. Mrs. Vigo had been reader and secretary to royal personages, and in point of knowledge and sentiments even Dorothea could have nothing to object to her.

Mrs. Cadwallader said, privately, "You will certainly go mad in that house alone, my dear. You will see visions. We have all got to exert ourselves a little to keep sane, and call things by the same names as other people call them by. To be sure, for younger sons and women who have no money, it is a sort of provision to go mad: they are taken care of then. But you must not run into that. I dare say you are a little bored here with our good dowager; but think what a bore you might become yourself to your fellow-creatures if you were always playing tragedy queen and taking things sublimely. Sitting alone in that library at Lowick, you may fancy yourself ruling the weather; you must get a few people round you who wouldn't believe you if you told them. That is a good lowering medicine."

"I never called every thing by the same name that all the people about me did," said Dorothea, stoutly.

"But I suppose you have found out your mistake, my dear," said Mrs. Cadwallader, "and that is a proof of sanity."

Dorothea was aware of the sting, but it did not hurt her. "No," she said, "I still think that the greater part of the world is mistaken about many things. Surely one may be sane and yet think so, since the greater part of the world has often had to come round from its opinion."

Mrs. Cadwallader said no more on that point to Dorothea, but to her husband she remarked: "It will be well for her to marry again as soon as it is proper, if one could get her among the right people. Of course the Chettams would not wish it. But I see clearly a husband is the best thing to keep her in order. If we were not so poor I would invite Lord Triton. He will be marquis some day, and there is no denying that she would make a good marchioness: she looks handsomer than ever in her mourning."

"My dear Elinor, do let the poor woman alone. Such contrivances are of no use," said the easy Rector.

"No use? How are matches made, except by bringing men and women together? And it is a shame that her uncle should have run away and shut up the Grange just now. There ought to be plenty of eligible matches invited to Freshitt and the Grange. Lord Triton is precisely the man: full of plans for making the people happy in a soft-headed sort of way. That would just suit Mrs. Casaubon."

"Let Mrs. Casaubon choose for herself, Elinor."

"That is the nonsense you wise men talk! How can she choose if she has no variety to choose from? A woman's choice usually means taking the only man she can get. Mark my words, Humphrey. If her friends don't exert themselves, there will be a worse business than the Casaubon business yet."

"For Heaven's sake don't touch on that topic, Elinor! It is a very sore point with Sir James. He would be deeply offended if you entered on it to him unnecessarily."

"I have never entered on it," said Mrs. Cadwallader, opening her hands. "Celia told me all about the will at the beginning, without any asking of mine."

"Yes, yes; but they want the thing hushed up, and I understand that the young fellow is going out of the neighborhood."

Mrs. Cadwallader said nothing, but gave her husband three significant nods, with a very sarcastic expression in her dark eyes.

Dorothea quietly persisted in spite of remonstrance and persuasion. So by the end of June the shutters were all opened at Lowick Manor, and the morning gazed calmly into the library, shining on the rows of note-books as it shines on the weary waste planted with huge stones, the mute memorial of a forgotten faith; and the evening laden with roses entered silently into the blue-green boudoir where Dorothea chose often est to sit. At first she walked into every room, questioning the eighteen months of her married life, and carrying on her thoughts as if they were

a speech to be heard by her husband. Then she lingered in the library, and could not be at rest till she had carefully ranged all the note-books as she imagined that he would wish to see them, in orderly sequence. The pity which had been the restraining compelling motive in her life with him still clung about his image, even while she remonstrated with him in indignant thought and told him that he was unjust. One little act of hers may perhaps be smiled at as superstitious. The *Synoptical Tabulation, for the use of Mrs. Casaubon*, she carefully inclosed and sealed, writing within the envelope, "*I could not use it. Do you not see now that I could not submit my soul to yours by working hopelessly at what I have no belief in?—Dorothea.*" Then she deposited the paper in her own desk.

That silent colloquy was perhaps only the more earnest because underneath and through it all there was always the deep longing which had really determined her to come to Lowick. The longing was to see Will Ladislaw. She did not know any good that could come of their meeting: she was helpless; her hands had been tied from making up to him for any unfairness in his lot. But her soul thirsted to see him. How could it be otherwise? If a princess in the days of enchantment had seen a four-footed creature from among those which live in herds come to her once and again with a human gaze which rested upon her with choice and beseeching, what would she think of in her journeying, what would she look for when the herds passed her? Surely for the gaze which had found her, and which she would know again. Life would be no better than candle-light tinsel and daylight rubbish if our spirits were not touched by what has been, to issues of longing and constancy. It was true that Dorothea wanted to know the Farebrothers better, and especially to talk to the new rector, but also true that, remembering what Lydgate had told her about Will Ladislaw and little Miss Noble, she counted on Will's coming to Lowick to see the Farebrother family. The very first Sunday, *before* she entered the church, she saw him as she had seen him the last time she was there, alone in the clergyman's pew; but *when* she entered his figure was gone.

In the week-days when she went to see the ladies at the Rectory, she listened in vain for some word that they might let fall about Will; but it seemed to her that Mrs. Farebrother talked of every one else in the neighborhood and out of it.

"Probably some of Mr. Farebrother's Middlemarch hearers may follow him to Lowick sometimes. Do you not think so?" said Dorothea, rather despising herself for having a secret motive in asking the question.

"If they are wise, they will, Mrs. Casaubon," said the old lady. "I see that you set a right value on my son's preaching. His grandfather on my side was an excellent clergyman, but his father was in the law—most exemplary and honest nevertheless, which is a reason for our never being rich. They say Fortune is a woman and capricious. But sometimes she is a good woman, and gives to those who merit, which has been the case with you, Mrs. Casaubon, who have given a living to my son."

Mrs. Farebrother recurred to her knitting with a dignified satisfaction in her neat little effort at oratory, but this was not what Dorothea wanted to hear. Poor thing! she did not even know whether Will Ladislaw was still at Middlemarch, and there was no one whom she dared to ask, unless it were Lydgate. But just now she could not see Lydgate without sending for him or going to seek him. Perhaps Will Ladislaw, having heard of that strange ban against him left by Mr. Casaubon, had felt it better that he and she should not meet again, and perhaps she was wrong to wish for a meeting that others might find many good reasons against. Still, "I do wish it" came at the end of those wise reflections as naturally as a sob after holding the breath. And the meeting did happen, but in a formal way quite unexpected by her.

One morning, about eleven, Dorothea was seated in her boudoir with a map of the land attached to the manor and other papers before her, which were to help her in making an exact statement for herself of her income and affairs. She had not yet applied herself to her work, but was seated with her hands folded on her lap, looking out along the avenue of limes to the distant fields. Every leaf was at rest in the sunshine, the familiar scene was changeless, and seemed to represent the prospect of her life, full of motiveless ease—motiveless, if her own energy could not seek out reasons for ardent action. The widow's cap of those times made an oval frame for the face, and had a crown standing up; the dress was an experiment in the utmost laying on of crape; but this heavy solemnity of clothing made her face look all the younger, with its recovered bloom, and the sweet, inquiring candor of her eyes.

Her reverie was broken by Tantripp, who came to say that Mr. Ladislaw was below, and begged permission to see madam if it were not too early.

"I will see him," said Dorothea, rising immediately. "Let him be shown into the drawing-room."

The drawing-room was the most neutral room in the house to her—the one least associated with the trials of her married life: the damask matched the wood-work, which was all white and gold; there were two tall mirrors, and tables with nothing on them—in brief, it was a room where you had no reason for sitting in one place rather than in another. It was below the boudoir, and had also a bow-window looking out on the avenue. But when Pratt showed Will Ladislaw into it the window was open; and a winged visitor, buzzing in and out now and then without minding the furniture, made the room look less formal and uninhabited.

"Glad to see you here again, Sir," said Pratt, lingering to adjust a blind.

"I am only come to say good-by, Pratt," said Will, who wished even the butler to know that he was too proud to hang about Mrs. Casaubon, now she was a rich widow.

"Very sorry to hear it, Sir," said Pratt, retiring. Of course, as a servant who was to be told nothing, he knew the fact of which Ladislaw was still ignorant, and had drawn his inferences; indeed, had not differed from his betrothed Tantripp when she said, "*Your* master was as jealous as a fiend—and no reason. Madam would look higher than Mr. Ladislaw, else I don't know her. Mrs. Cadwallader's maid says there's a lord coming who is to marry her, when the mourning's over."

There were not many moments for Will to walk about with his hat in his hand before Dorothea entered. The meeting was very different from that first meeting in Rome when Will had been embarrassed and Dorothea calm. This time he felt miserable but determined, while she was in a state of agitation which could not be hidden. Just outside the door she had felt that this longed-for meeting was after all too difficult, and when she saw Will advancing toward her, the deep blush which was rare in her came with painful suddenness. Neither of them knew how it was, but neither of them spoke. She gave her hand for a moment, and then they went to sit down near the window, she on one settee and he on another opposite. Will was peculiarly uneasy: it seemed to him not like Dorothea that the mere fact of her being a widow should cause such a change in her manner of receiving him; and he knew of no other condition which could have affected their previous relation to each other—except that, as his imagination at once told him, her friends might have been poisoning her mind with their suspicions of him.

"I hope I have not presumed too much in calling," said Will; "I could not bear to leave the neighborhood and begin a new life without seeing you to say good-by."

"Presumed? Surely not. I should have thought it unkind of you not to wish to see me," said Dorothea, her habit of speaking with perfect genuineness asserting itself through all her uncertainty and agitation. "Are you going away immediately?"

"Very soon, I think. I intend to go to town and eat my dinners as a barrister, since, they say, that is the preparation for all public business. There will be a great deal of political work to be done by-and-by, and I mean to try and do some of it. Other men have managed to win an honorable position for themselves without family or money."

"And that will make it all the more honorable," said Dorothea, ardently. "Besides, you have so many talents. I have heard from my uncle how well you speak in public, so that every one is sorry when you leave off, and how clearly you can explain things. And you care that justice should be done to every one. I am so glad. When we were in Rome I thought you only cared for poetry and art, and the things that adorn life for us who are well off. But now I know you think about the rest of the world."

While she was speaking Dorothea had lost her personal embarrassment, and had become like her former self. She looked at Will with a direct glance, full of delighted confidence.

"You approve of my going away for years, then, and never coming here again till I have made myself of some mark in the world?" said Will, trying hard to reconcile the utmost pride with the utmost effort to get an expression of strong feeling from Dorothea.

She was not aware how long it was before she answered. She had turned her head, and was looking out of the window on the rose-bushes, which seemed to have in them the summers of all the years when Will would be away. This was not judicious behavior. But Dorothea never thought of studying her manners: she thought only of bowing to a sad necessity which divided her from Will. Those first words of his about his intentions had seemed to make every thing clear to her: he knew, she supposed, all about Mr. Casaubon's final conduct in relation to him, and it had come to him with the same sort of shock as to herself. He had never felt more than friendship for her—had never had any thing in his mind to justify what she felt to be her husband's outrage on the feelings of both: and that friendship he still felt. Something which may be called an inward silent sob had gone on in Dorothea before she said, with a pure voice, just trembling in the last words as if only from its liquid flexibility,

"Yes, it must be right for you to do as you say. I shall be very happy when I hear that you have made your value felt. But you must have patience. It will perhaps be a long while."

Will never quite knew how it was that he saved himself from falling down at her feet when the "long while" came forth with its gentle tremor. He used to say that the horrible hue and surface of her crape dress was most likely the sufficient controlling force. He sat still, however, and only said,

"I shall never hear from you. And you will forget all about me."

"No," said Dorothea, "I shall never forget you. I have never forgotten any one whom I once knew. My life has never been crowded, and seems not likely to be so. And I have a great deal of space for memory at Lowick, haven't I?" She smiled.

"Good God!" Will burst out, passionately, rising, with his hat still in his hand, and walking away to a marble table, where he suddenly turned and leaned his back against it. The blood had mounted to his face and neck, and he looked almost angry. It had seemed to him as if they were like two creatures slowly turning to marble in each other's presence, while their hearts were conscious and their eyes were yearning. But there was no help for it. It should never be true of him that in this meeting to which he had come with bitter resolution he had ended by a confession which might be interpreted into asking for her fortune. Moreover, it was actually true that he was fearful of the effect which such confessions might have on Dorothea herself.

She looked at him from that distance in some trouble, imagining that there might have been an offense in her words. But all the while there was a current of thought in her about his probable want of money, and the impossibility of her helping him. If her uncle had been at home, something might have been done through him! It was this preoccupation with the hardship of Will's wanting money, while she had what ought to have been his share, which led her to say, seeing that he remained silent and looked away from her,

"I wonder whether you would like to have that miniature which hangs up stairs—I mean that beautiful miniature of your grandmother. I think it is not right for me to keep it, if you would wish to have it. It is wonderfully like you."

"You are very good," said Will, irritably. "No; I don't mind about it. It is not very consoling to have one's own likeness. It would be more consoling if others wanted to have it."

"I thought you would like to cherish her memory—I thought"—Dorothea broke off an instant, her imagination suddenly warning her away from Aunt Julia's history—"you would surely like to have the miniature as a family memorial."

"Why should I have that, when I have nothing else? A man with only a portmanteau for his stowage must keep his memorials in his head."

Will spoke at random: he was merely venting his petulance; it was a little too exasperating to have his grandmother's portrait offered him at that moment. But to Dorothea's feeling his words had a peculiar sting. She rose and said, with a touch of indignation as well as hauteur,

"You are much the happier of us two, Mr. Ladislaw, to have nothing."

Will was startled. Whatever the words might be, the tone seemed like a dismissal; and quitting his leaning posture, he walked a little way toward her. Their eyes met, but with a strange questioning gravity. Something was keeping their minds aloof, and each was left to conjecture what was in the other. Will had really never thought of himself as having a claim of inheritance on the property which was held by Dorothea, and would have required a narrative to make him understand her present feeling.

"I never felt it a misfortune to have nothing till now," he said. "But poverty may be as bad as leprosy, if it divides us from what we most care for."

The words cut Dorothea to the heart, and made her relent. She answered in a tone of sad fellowship:

"Sorrow comes in so many ways. Two years ago I had no notion of that—I mean of the unexpected way in which trouble comes, and ties our hands, and makes us silent when we long to speak. I used to despise women a little for not shaping their lives more, and doing better things. I was very fond of doing as I liked, but I have almost given it up," she ended, smiling playfully.

"I have not given up doing as I like, but I can very seldom do it," said Will. He was standing two yards from her with his mind full of contradictory desires and resolves—desiring some unmistakable proof that she loved him, and yet dreading the position into which such a proof might bring him. "The thing one most longs for may be surrounded with conditions that would be intolerable."

At this moment Pratt entered and said, "Sir James Chettam is in the library, madam."

"Ask Sir James to come in here," said Dorothea, immediately. It was as if the same electric shock had passed through her and Will. Each of them felt proudly resistant, and neither looked at the other, while they awaited Sir James's entrance.

After shaking hands with Dorothea, he bowed as slightly as possible to Ladislaw, who repaid the slightness exactly, and then going toward Dorothea, said,

"I must say good-by, Mrs. Casaubon; and probably for a long while."

Dorothea put out her hand and said her good-by cordially. The sense that Sir James was depreciating Will, and behaving rudely to him, roused her resolution and dignity: there was no touch of confusion in her manner. And when Will had left the room, she looked with such calm self-possession at Sir James, saying, "How is Celia?" that he was obliged to behave as if nothing had annoyed him. And what would be the use of behaving otherwise? Indeed, Sir James shrank with so much dislike from the association, even in thought, of Dorothea with Ladislaw as her possible lover that he would himself have wished to avoid an outward show of displeasure which would have recognized the disagreeable possibility. If any one had asked him why he shrank in that way, I am not sure that he would at first have said any thing fuller or more precise than "*that* Ladislaw!" though on reflection he might have urged that Mr. Casaubon's codicil, barring Dorothea's marriage with Will, except under a penalty, was enough to cast unfitness over any relation at all between them. His aversion was all the stronger because he felt himself unable to interfere.

But Sir James was a power in a way unguessed by himself. Entering at that moment, he was an incorporation of the strongest reasons through which Will's pride became a repellent force, keeping him asunder from Dorothea.

CHAPTER LV.

"Hath she her faults? I would you had them too.
They are the fruity must of soundest wine;
Or say, they are regenerating fire
Such as hath turned the dense black element
Into a crystal pathway for the sun."

If youth is the season of hope, it is often so only in the sense that our elders are hopeful about us; for no age is so apt as youth to think its emotions, partings, and resolves are the last of their kind. Each crisis seems final, simply because it is new. We are told that the oldest inhabitants in Peru do not cease to be agitated by the earthquakes, but they probably see beyond each shock, and reflect that there are plenty more to come.

To Dorothea, still in that time of youth when the eyes with their long full lashes look out after their rain of tears unsoiled and unwearied as a freshly opened passion-flower, that morning's parting with Will Ladislaw seemed to be the close of their personal relations. He was going away into the distance of unknown years, and if ever he came back he would be another man. The actual state of his mind—his proud resolve to give the lie beforehand to any suspicion that he would play the needy adventurer seeking a rich woman—lay quite out of her imagination, and she had interpreted all his behavior easily enough by her supposition that Mr. Casaubon's codicil seemed to him, as it did to her, a gross and cruel interdict on any active friendship between them. Their young delight in speaking to each other, and saying what no one else would care to hear, was forever ended, and become a treasure of the past. For this very reason she dwelt on it without inward check. That unique happiness too was dead, and in its shadowed silent chamber she might vent the passionate grief which she herself wondered at. For the first time she took down the miniature from the wall and kept it before her, liking to blend the woman who had been too hardly judged with the grandson whom her own heart and judgment defended. Can any one who has rejoiced in woman's tenderness think it a reproach to her that she took the little oval picture in her palm and made a bed for it there, and leaned her cheek upon it, as if that would soothe the creatures who had suffered unjust condemnation? She did not know then that it was Love who had come to her briefly, as in a dream before awaking, with the hues of morning in his wings, and Love to whom she was sobbing her farewell as his image was banished by the insistent day. She only felt that there was something irrevocably amiss and lost in her lot, and her thoughts about the future were the more readily shapen into resolve. Ardent souls, ready to construct their coming lives, are apt to commit themselves to the fulfillment of their own visions.

One day that she went to Freshitt to fulfill her promise of staying all night and seeing baby washed, Mrs. Cadwallader came to dine, the Rector being gone on a fishing excursion. It was a warm evening, and even in the delightful drawing-room, where the fine old turf sloped from the open window toward a lilied pool and well-planted mounds, the heat was enough to make Celia in her white muslin and light curls reflect with pity on what Dodo must feel in her black dress and close cap. But this was not until some episodes with baby were over, and had left her mind at leisure. She had seated herself and taken up a fan for some time before she said, in her quiet guttural,

"Dear Dodo, do throw off that cap. I am sure your dress must make you feel ill."

"I am so used to the cap—it has become a sort of shell," said Dorothea, smiling. "I feel rather bare and exposed when it is off."

"I *must* see you without it; it makes us all warm," said Celia, throwing down her fan and going to Dorothea. It was a pretty picture to see this little lady in white muslin unfastening the widow's cap from her more majestic sister, and tossing it on to a chair. Just as the coils and braids of dark brown hair had been set free Sir James entered the room. He looked at the released head, and said, "Ah!" in a tone of satisfaction.

"It was I who did it, James," said Celia. "Dodo need not make such a slavery of her mourning; she need not wear that cap any more among her friends."

"My dear Celia," said Lady Chettam, "a widow must wear her mourning at least a year."

"Not if she marries again before the end of it," said Mrs. Cadwallader, who had some pleasure in startling her good friend the dowager. Sir James was annoyed, and leaned forward to play with Celia's Maltese dog.

"That is very rare, I hope," said Lady Chettam, in a tone intended to guard against such events. "No friend of ours ever committed herself in that way except Mrs. Beevor. And it was very painful to Lord Grinsell when she did so. Her first husband was objectionable, which made it the greater wonder. And severely she was punished for it. They said Captain Beevor dragged her about by the hair, and held up loaded pistols at her."

"Oh, if she took the wrong man!" said Mrs. Cadwallader, who was in a decidedly wicked mood. "Marriage is always bad then, first or second. Priority is a poor recommendation in a husband if he has got no other. I would rather have a good second husband than an indifferent first."

"My dear, your clever tongue runs away with you," said Lady Chettam. "I am sure you would be the last woman to marry again prematurely, if our dear Rector were taken away."

"Oh, I make no vows; it might be a necessary economy. It is lawful to marry again, I suppose, else we might as well be Hindoos instead of Christians. Of course if a woman accepts the wrong man, she must take the consequences, and one who does it twice over deserves

her fate. But if she can marry blood, beauty, and bravery—the sooner the better."

"I think the subject of our conversation is very ill chosen," said Sir James, with a look of disgust. "Suppose we change it."

"Not on my account, Sir James," said Dorothea, determined not to lose the opportunity of freeing herself from certain oblique references to excellent matches. "If you are speaking on my behalf, I can assure you that no question can be more indifferent and impersonal to me than second marriage. It is no more to me than if you talked of women going fox-hunting: whether it is admirable in them or not, I shall not follow them. Pray let Mrs. Cadwallader amuse herself on that subject as much as on any other."

"My dear Mrs. Casaubon," said Lady Chettam, in her stateliest way, "you do not, I hope, think there was any allusion to you in my mentioning Mrs. Beevor. It was only an instance that occurred to me. She was step-daughter to Lord Grinsell: he married Mrs. Teveroy for his second wife. There could be no possible allusion to you."

"Oh no," said Celia. "Nobody chose the subject; it all came out of Dodo's cap. Mrs. Cadwallader only said what was quite true. A woman could not be married in a widow's cap, James."

"Hush, my dear!" said Mrs. Cadwallader. "I will not offend again. I will not even refer to Dido or Zenobia. Only what are we to talk about? I, for my part, object to the discussion of Human Nature, because that is the nature of rectors' wives."

Later in the evening, after Mrs. Cadwallader was gone, Celia said privately to Dorothea, "Really, Dodo, taking your cap off made you like yourself again in more ways than one. You spoke up just as you used to do, when any thing was said to displease you. But I could hardly make out whether it was James that you thought wrong, or Mrs. Cadwallader."

"Neither," said Dorothea. "James spoke out of delicacy to me, but he was mistaken in supposing that I minded what Mrs. Cadwallader said. I should only mind if there were a law obliging me to take any piece of blood and beauty that she or any body else recommended."

"But you know, Dodo, if you ever did marry, it would be all the better to have blood and beauty," said Celia, reflecting that Mr. Casaubon had not been richly endowed with those gifts, and that it would be well to caution Dorothea in time.

"Don't be anxious, Kitty; I have quite other thoughts about my life. I shall never marry again," said Dorothea, touching her sister's chin, and looking at her with indulgent affection. Celia was nursing her baby, and Dorothea had come to say good-night to her.

"Really—quite?" said Celia. "Not any body at all—if he were very wonderful indeed?"

Dorothea shook her head slowly. "Not any body at all. I have delightful plans. I should like to take a great deal of land, and drain it, and make a little colony, where every body should work, and all the work should be done well. I should know every one of the people, and be their friend. I am going to have great consultations with Mr. Garth: he can tell me almost every thing I want to know."

"Then you *will* be happy, if you have a plan, Dodo," said Celia. "Perhaps little Arthur will like plans when he grows up, and then he can help you."

Sir James was informed that same night that Dorothea was really quite set against marrying any body at all, and was going to take to "all sorts of plans," just like what she used to have. Sir James made no remark. To his secret feeling there was something repulsive in a woman's second marriage, and no match would prevent him from feeling it a sort of desecration for Dorothea. He was aware that the world would regard such a sentiment as preposterous, especially in relation to a woman of one-and-twenty, the practice of "the world" being to treat of a young widow's second marriage as certain and probably near, and to smile with meaning if the widow acts accordingly. But if Dorothea did choose to espouse her solitude, he felt that the resolution would well become her.

CHAPTER LVI.

"How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his only skill!

"This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fail;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all."
—SIR HENRY WOTTON.

DOROTHEA'S confidence in Caleb Garth's knowledge, which had begun on her hearing that he approved of her cottages, had grown fast during her stay at Freshitt, Sir James having induced her to take rides over the two estates in company with himself and Caleb, who quite returned her admiration, and told his wife that Mrs. Casaubon had a head for business most uncommon in a woman. It must be remembered that by "business" Caleb never meant money transactions, but the skillful application of labor.

"Most uncommon!" repeated Caleb. "She said a thing I often used to think myself when I was a lad: 'Mr. Garth, I should like to feel, if I lived to be old, that I had improved a great piece of land and built a great many good cottages, because the work is of a healthy kind while it is being done, and after it is done men are the better for it.' Those were the very words: she sees into things in that way."

"But womanly, I hope," said Mrs. Garth, half suspecting that Mrs. Casaubon might not hold the true principle of subordination.

"Oh, you can't think!" said Caleb, shaking his head. "You would like to hear her speak, Susan. She speaks in such plain words, and a voice like music. Bless me! it reminds me of bits in the *Messiah*: 'And straightway there appeared a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying;' it has a tone with it that satisfies your ear."

Caleb was very fond of music, and when he could afford it went to hear an oratorio that came within his reach, returning from it with a profound reverence for this mighty structure of tones, which made him sit meditatively, looking on the floor and throwing much unutterable language into his outstretched hands.

With this good understanding between them, it was natural that Dorothea asked Mr. Garth to undertake any business connected with the three farms and the numerous tenements attached to Lowick Manor; indeed, his expectation of getting work for two was being fast fulfilled. As he said, "Business breeds." And one form of business which was beginning to breed just then was the construction of railways. A projected line was to run through Lowick Parish where the cattle had hitherto grazed in a peace unbroken by astonishment; and thus it happened that the infant struggles of the railway system entered into the affairs of Caleb Garth, and determined the course of this history with regard to two persons who were dear to him.

The submarine railway may have its difficulties; but the bed of the sea is not divided among various landed proprietors with claims for damages not only measurable but sentimental. In the hundred to which Middlemarch belonged railways were as exciting a topic as the Reform Bill or the imminent horrors of Cholera, and those who held the most decided views on the subject were women and land-holders. Women both old and young regarded traveling by steam as presumptuous and dangerous, and argued against it by saying that nothing should induce them to get into a railway carriage; while proprietors, differing from each other in their arguments as much as Mr. Solomon Featherstone differed from Lord Medlicote, were yet unanimous in the opinion that in selling land, whether to the Enemy of mankind or to a company obliged to purchase, these pernicious agencies must be made to pay a very high price to landowners for permission to injure mankind.

But the slower wits, such as Mr. Solomon and Mrs. Waule, who both occupied land of their own, took a long time to arrive at this conclusion, their minds halting at the vivid conception of what it would be to cut the Big Pasture in two, and turn it into three-cornered bits, which would be "nohow;" while accommodation bridges and high payments were remote and incredible.

"The cows will all cast their calves, brother," said Mrs. Waule, in a tone of deep melancholy, "if the railway comes across the Near Close; and I shouldn't wonder at the mare too, if she was in foal. It's a poor tale if a widow's property is to be spaded away, and the law say nothing to it. What's to hinder 'em from cutting right and left if they begin? It's well known *I* can't fight."

"The best way would be to say nothing, and set somebody on to send 'em away with a flea in their ear, when they came spying and measuring," said Solomon. "Folks did that about Brassing, by what I can understand. It's all a pretense, if the truth was known, about their being forced to take one way. Let 'em go cutting in another parish. And I don't believe in any pay to make amends for bringing a lot of ruffians to trample your crops. Where's a company's pocket?"

"Brother Peter, God forgive him, got money out of a company," said Mrs. Waule. "But that was for the manganese. That wasn't for railways to blow you to pieces right and left."

"Well, there's this to be said, Jane," Mr. Solomon concluded, lowering his voice in a cautious manner—"the more spokes we put in their wheel the more they'll pay us to let 'em go on, if they must come whether or not."

This reasoning of Mr. Solomon's was perhaps less thorough than he imagined, his cunning bearing about the same relation to the course of railways as the cunning of a diplomatist bears to the general chill or catarrh of the solar system. But he set about acting on his views in a thoroughly diplomatic manner, by stimulating suspicion. His side of Lowick was the most remote from the village, and the houses of the laboring people were either lone cottages or were collected in a hamlet called Frick, where a water-mill and some stone-pits made a little centre of slow, heavy-shouldered industry.

In the absence of any precise idea as to what railways were, public opinion in Frick was against them; for the human mind in that grassy corner had not the proverbial tendency to admire the unknown, holding rather that it was likely to be against the poor man, and that suspicion was the only wise attitude with regard to it. Even the rumor of Reform had not yet excited any millennial expectations in Frick, there being no definite promise in it, as of gratuitous grains to fatten Hiram Ford's pig, or of a publican at the "Weights and Scales" who would brew beer for nothing, or of an offer on the part of the three neighboring farmers to raise wages during winter. And without distinct good of this kind in its promises, Reform seemed on a footing with the bragging of peddlers, which was a hint for distrust to every knowing person. The men of Frick were not ill fed, and were less given to fanaticism than to a strong muscular suspicion; less inclined to believe that they were peculiarly cared for by heaven than to regard heaven itself as rather disposed to take them in—a disposition observable in the weather.

Thus the mind of Frick was exactly of the sort for Mr. Solomon Featherstone to work upon, he having more plenteous ideas of the same order, with a suspicion of heaven and earth which was better fed and more entirely at leisure. Solomon was overseer of the roads at that time, and on his slow-paced cob often took his rounds by Frick to look at the workmen getting the stones there, pausing with a mysterious deliberation, which might have misled you into supposing that he had some other reason for staying than the mere want of impulse to move. After looking for a long while at any work that was going on, he would raise his eyes a little and look at the horizon; finally he would shake his bridle, touch his horse with the whip, and get it to move slowly onward. The hour-hand of a clock was quick by comparison with Mr. Solomon, who had an agreeable sense that he could afford to be slow. He was in the habit of pausing for a cautious, vaguely designing chat with every hedger or ditcher on his way, and was especially willing to listen even to news which he had heard before, feeling himself at an advantage over all narrators in partially disbelieving them. One day, however, he got into a dialogue with Hiram Ford, a wagoner, in which he himself contributed information. He wished to know whether Hiram had seen fellows with staves and instruments spying about: they called themselves railroad people, but there was no telling what they were, or what they meant to do. The least they pretended was that they were going to cut Lowick Parish into sixes and sevens.

"Why, there'll be no stirrin' from one pla-ace to another," said Hiram, thinking of his wagon and horses.

"Not a bit," said Mr. Solomon. "And cutting up fine land such as this parish! Let 'em go into Tipton, say I. But there's no knowing what there is at the bottom of it. Traffic is what they put for'ard; but it's to do harm to the land and the poor man in the long-run."

"Why, they're Lunnon chaps, I reckon," said Hiram, who had a dim notion of London as a centre of hostility to the country.

"Ay, to be sure. And in some parts against Brassing, by what I've heard say, the folks fell on 'em when they were spying, and broke their peep-holes as they carry, and drove 'em away, so as they knew better than come again."

"It war good foon, I'd be bound," said Hiram, whose fun was much restricted by circumstances.

"Well, I wouldn't meddle with 'em myself," said Solomon. "But some say this country's seen its best days, and the sign is, as it's being overrun with these fellows trampling right and left, and wanting to cut it up into railways; and all for the big traffic to swallow up the little, so as there sha'n't be a team left on the land, nor a whip to crack."

"I'll crack *my* whip about their ear'n afore they bring it to that, though," said Hiram, while Mr. Solomon, shaking his bridle, moved onward.

Nettle seed needs no digging. The ruin of this country-side by railroads was discussed, not only at the "Weights and Scales," but in the hay field, where the muster of working hands gave opportunities for talk such as were rarely had through the rural year.

One morning, not long after that interview between Mr. Farebrother and Mary Garth, in which she confessed to him her feeling for Fred Vincy, it happened that her father had some business which took him to Yoddrell's farm in the direction of Frick: it was to measure and value an outlying piece of land belonging to Lowick Manor, which Caleb expected to dispose of advantageously for Dorothea (it must be confessed that his bias was toward getting the best possible terms from railroad companies). He put up his gig at Yoddrell's, and in walking with his assistant and measuring chain to the scene of his work, he encountered the party of the company's agents, who were adjusting their spirit-level. After a little chat he left them, observing that by-and-by they would reach him again where he was going to measure. It was one of those gray mornings after light rains, which become delicious about twelve o'clock, when the clouds part a little, and the scent of the earth is sweet along the lanes and by the hedge-rows.

The scent would have been sweeter to Fred Vincy, who was coming along the lanes on horseback, if his mind had not been worried by unsuccessful efforts to imagine what he was to do, with his father on one side expecting him straightway to enter the Church, with Mary on the other threatening to forsake him if he did enter it, and with the working-day world showing no eager need whatever of a young gentleman without capital and generally unskilled. It was the harder to Fred's disposition because his father, satisfied that he was no longer rebellious, was in good humor with him, and had sent him on this pleasant ride to see after some greyhounds. Even when he had fixed on what he should do, there would be the task of telling his father. But it must be admitted that the fixing, which had to come first, was the more difficult task: what secular avocation on earth was there for a young man (whose friends could not get him an "appointment") which was at once gentlemanly, lucrative, and to be followed without special knowledge? Riding along the lanes by Frick in this mood, and slackening his pace while he reflected whether he should venture to go round by Lowick Parsonage to call on Mary, he could see over the hedges from one field to another. Suddenly a noise roused his attention, and on the far side of a field on his left hand he could see six or seven men in smock-frocks with hay-forks in their hands making an offensive approach toward the four railway agents who were facing them, while Caleb Garth and his assistant were hastening across the field to join the threatened group. Fred, delayed a few moments by having to find the gate, could not gallop up to the spot before the party in smock-frocks, whose work of turning the hay had not been too pressing after swallowing their mid-day beer, were driving the men in coats before them with their hay-forks; while Caleb Garth's assistant, a lad of seventeen, who had snatched up the spirit-level at Caleb's order, had been knocked down, and seemed to be lying helpless. The coated men had the advantage as runners, and Fred covered their retreat by getting in front of the smock-frocks and charging them suddenly enough to throw their chase into confusion. "What do you confounded fools mean?" shouted Fred, pursuing the divided group in a zigzag, and cutting right and left with his whip. "I'll swear to every one of you before the magistrate. You've knocked the lad down and killed him, for what I know. You'll every one of you be hanged at the next assizes, if you don't mind," said Fred, who afterward laughed heartily as he remembered his own phrases.

The laborers had been driven through the gate-way into the hay field, and Fred had checked his horse, when Hiram Ford, observing himself at a safe challenging distance, turned back and shouted a defiance which he did not know to be Homeric.

"Yo're a coward, yo are. Yo git off your horse, young measter, and I'll have a round wi' ye, I wull. Yo daredn't come on wi'out your hoss an' whip. I'd soon knock the breath out on ye, I would."

"Wait a minute, and I'll come back presently, and have a round with you all in turn, if you like," said Fred, who felt confidence in his power of boxing with his dearly beloved brethren. But just now he wanted to hasten back to Caleb and the prostrate youth.

The lad's ankle was strained, and he was in much pain from it, but he was no further hurt, and Fred placed him on the horse that he might ride to Yoddrell's and be taken care of there.

"Let them put the horse in the stable, and tell the surveyors they can come back for their traps," said Fred. "The ground is clear now."

"No, no," said Caleb; "here's a breakage. They'll have to give up for to-day, and it will be as well. Here, take the things before you on the horse, Tom. They'll see you coming, and they'll turn back."

"I'm glad I happened to be here at the right moment, Mr. Garth," said Fred, as Tom rode away. "No knowing what might have happened if the cavalry had not come up in time."

"Ay, ay, it was lucky," said Caleb, speaking rather absently, and looking toward the spot where he had been at work at the moment of interruption. "But—deuce take it—this is what comes of men being fools—I'm hindered of my day's work. I can't get along without somebody to help me with the measuring chain. However!" He was beginning to move toward the spot with a look of vexation, as if he had forgotten Fred's presence, but suddenly he turned round and said, quickly, "What have you got to do to-day, young fellow?"

"Nothing, Mr. Garth. I'll help you with pleasure—can I?" said Fred, with a sense that he should be courting Mary when he was helping her father.

"Well, you mustn't mind stooping and getting hot."

"I don't mind any thing. Only I want to go first and have a round with that hulky fellow who turned to challenge me. It would be a good lesson for him. I shall not be five minutes."

"Nonsense!" said Caleb, with his most peremptory intonation. "I shall go and speak to the men myself. It's all ignorance. Somebody has been telling them lies. The poor fools don't know any better."

"I shall go with you, then," said Fred.

"No, no; stay where you are. I don't want your young blood. I can take care of myself."

Caleb was a powerful man, and knew little of any fear except the fear of hurting others and the fear of having to speechify. But he felt it his duty at this moment to try and give a little harangue. There was a striking mixture in him—which came from his having always been a hard-working man himself—of rigorous notions about workmen and practical indulgence toward them. To do a good day's work, and to do it well, he held to be part of their welfare, as it was the chief part of his own happiness; but he had a strong sense of fellowship with them. When he advanced toward the laborers they had not gone to work again, but were standing in that form of rural grouping which consists in each turning a shoulder toward the other, at a distance of two or three yards. They looked rather sulkily at Caleb, who walked quickly, with one hand in his pocket and the other thrust between the buttons of his waistcoat, and had his every-day mild air when he paused among them.

"Why, my lads, how's this?" he began, taking as usual to brief phrases, which seemed pregnant to himself, because he had many thoughts lying under them, like the abundant roots of a plant that just manages to peep above the water. "How came you to make such a mistake as this? Somebody has been telling you lies. You thought those men up there wanted to do mischief."

"Aw!" was the answer, dropped at intervals by each according to his degree of unreadiness.

"Nonsense! No such thing! They're looking out to see which way the railroad is to take. Now, my lads, you can't hinder the railroad: it will be made whether you like it or not. And if you go fighting against it, you'll get yourselves into trouble. The law gives those men leave to come here on the land. The owner has nothing to say against it, and if you meddle with them you'll have to do with the constable and Justice Blakesley, and with the handcuffs and Middlemarch jail. And you might be in for it now, if any body informed against you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]